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December 3rd, 1897.

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Nov., 1897.

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SIR JOSHUA FITCH was well qualified by official position and long experience to write an excellent book upon these famous educationalists, father and son, and he has done so: his study is amply appreciative and impartially critical. The only positive error occurs in his brief eulogy of Winchester, where Thomas Arnold passed the whole, and Matthew a part, of his public school life. He numbers among great Wykehamical ecclesiastics Waynflete, founder of Magdalen College, Oxford, and the famous preacher South. Not Winchester, but Westminster, boasts of South: and there is no evidence, beyond late and inconclusive tradition, for Waynflete's Wykehamical education. He was Headmaster of Winchester and first Headmaster of Eton, as also Provost: he died Bishop of Winchester. But he is not upon the roll of Winchester Scholars. And Sir Joshua uses an unnecessary *meiosis* when he assigns to Winchester an age of "more than four centuries": the oldest of the great public schools celebrated its five hundredth anniversary in 1893. But a Wykehamist reviewer may be allowed to thank the writer for his cordial eulogy of the venerable and illustrious College, so dear to both the Arnolds, and so proud of both.

Both have had an influence wide and profound; and yet the influence of either has not been so greatly felt in matters immediately educational as in matters incidental to education. Neither was a theorist in pedagogy of the German type; neither has bequeathed us treatises upon methods of teaching, nor so much as wished to revolutionise the systems which they found prevailing. But both were men of ideals, who valued education less for the sake of "useful knowledge" than for its work in the formation of character, its

spiritual relations with life. When critics wished to describe unfavourably a disciple of Dr. Arnold they described an "earnest" youth, precociously alive to his "responsibilities," and prematurely absorbed in the "problems of life." When they wished to do the same by a follower of Matthew Arnold, they spoke of "supercilious culture," and "dilettante trifling," and a sense of superiority to the mass of men. The caricatures are not so extravagant as to defeat their own object: and they bear testimony to the truth, that both father and son, in their various works and ways, did aim at influencing the character, at training the disposition, at opening the mind's eye, rather than at cramming the mind. But such work as that is of necessity indirect, and has little connexion with scholastic method. As educationalists, in the narrower sense of the term, the Arnolds were largely Conservative. Liberals as they were, neither had a particle of sympathy with Benthamism and Broughamism and the "common sense" of the "practical man." They were idealists, even Utopians at times. Consider their views of Church and State. Dr. Arnold advocated an Established Church embracing all Christian sects, with their distinctive beliefs and rituals. His son dreamed of an undogmatic Anglican Church, enriched with the "poetry," the imaginative appeal of Catholicism. And who shall say which of these fancies be the wilder, the more impossible, the more unthinkable? Both men were reformers by nature: the one enthusiastic and ardent, the other contemplative and ironical; and so the father was something of a Savonarola, the son much of an Erasmus—natures foredoomed to a certain beautiful failure, despite their plentiful success. They cared for the things of the spirit, and such men are never quite victorious.

Hawkins, the great Provost of Oriel, prophesied that Dr. Arnold, if elected to Rugby, "would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." If that be taken to mean that he would raise the standard of scholarship, as Butler of Shrewsbury raised it, or make large innovations in the quantity and quality of subjects taught, the prophecy was unfulfilled. Dr. Arnold was a good, but not a great, scholar, nor was he a fervent advocate of "the modern side." But if it means that he brought a new spirit and a quickening life into the work of the public schools, the Provost was a true prophet. Arnold, with his historical imagination and sympathies, his vital sense of citizenship and social life, his vivid apprehension of moral law revealed in past and present, made school work educative rather than, as heretofore, almost wholly instructive. His conception was that of Milton, of Coleridge, of his friend and foe, Newman: a large and, in the classical sense, a generous training, which should awaken the faculties, and fit them for a due and right discharge of life's duties and obligations, by contact with the best thought, the best beauty, the best experience of mankind. He had a thoroughly Greek sense of education as a preparation for citizenship, first and foremost: and for

citizenship, as he understood it in the light of Christianity. To him Christianity had no other aspect or meaning than the social; and to work for the well-being of society in the Christian spirit was the whole duty of man. For such boys as those who came under his charge at Rugby he believed that a classical training, liberally and livingly given, was the best possible, in view of their future positions in the body politic, the English Christian commonwealth. So, while far from neglecting the more technical and ornamental side of classical education, he cared supremely for its awakening influence, its appeal to the imagination and the mind. He was well aware of the truth of Coleridge's saying against the utilitarian school of Brougham: "One constant blunder of these New Broomers, these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their views to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves—with more geniality even *because it is not a part of their compelled school knowledge.*" Arnold welcomed and encouraged all such self-education and self-culture not merely for its own sake, but for the zest and interest which it adds to the school work proper. In all this he was a pioneer, though schoolmasters before him had not entirely kept to the dry-dust track; and if, as is the case, there is to-day no public school in which lessons are divorced from life, and the various branches of learning are kept apart from each other in watertight compartments, the credit is Dr. Arnold's. Rugby was his kingdom, and he strove to bring all parts of it to perfection and into harmony; his letters, essays, and sermons are full of that ideal.

His great son's educational labours of a direct kind lay among the children of the poor, as inspector of elementary schools. Not the least valuable aspect of them is bound to fade away with time—we mean the singular charm, consideration, and encouraging kindness of manner, to which all teachers and managers who met him bear ready witness. His most abiding legacy is his series of reports upon the states and systems of primary and secondary education at home and abroad—reports full of a wise lucidity and persuasiveness. He was all for the humanising, liberalising, spiritualising side of education, a hater of pedantry and formality, a champion of the imaginative and the suggestive, as opposed to the mechanical and the lifeless or unvitalised. But the work was not congenial to him, and his sense, critical and poetical, of our national shortcomings was too personal and keen to be entirely appreciated by those to whom he appealed. Sir Joshua Fitch praises very highly, but no whit too highly, his poems and his purely literary essays: but he sees clearly that such a man was not an ideal man for his post, or rather, may be, that he was too ideal. Matthew Arnold, with cruel truth and wit, describes Maurice as "beating the bush with profound emotion, but never starting the hare." And yet, *mutato nomine de te*; Arnold, at least, beat many

bushes, but the public took no notice of the hares. That huge lower middle class, the Philistines, are absolutely unchanged by his pleadings and protests and exposures. They still delight in licensed victuallers' schools, still prefer Eliza Cook to Milton, still clamour for their deceased wives' sisters, still cling to an unlovely Puritanism. Matthew Arnold's Olympian irony and smiling melancholy have delighted those of his own social standing, but have not so much as begun to influence the masses of parents, whose children go—which is admirable—to the public primary schools, or—which is detestable—to "commercial academies." In so far as there is any popular demand for an improved and organised secondary education, its strength lies in the industrial need of improved and developed technical education, not in any adoption of Arnold's own reiterated pleas: not for the sake of a great national system of organised teaching, broadly and finely conceived, but under the pressure of commercial competition from without. Perhaps he was too unwilling to recognise how much of what he respected in the average English life rests, and must long continue to rest, upon much of what he most abhorred—upon distrust of State interference, upon attachment to narrow forms of religion, upon a self-sufficient, dogged Puritanism. His sense of humour, happily incurable, forbade him to tolerate national qualities of so absurd an unamiableness, and his delicate laughter was not quite conciliatory; many people felt that no man could always be so exquisitely right, as Mr. Arnold believed himself to be. They felt with Charlotte Brontë, at the first meeting: "Striking and prepossessing in appearance, his manner displeases from its seeming foppery. I own it caused me at first to regard him with regretful surprise; the shade of Dr. Arnold seemed to me to frown on his young representative." Not everyone could discover, as Charlotte Brontë could, that there was a sincere and simple nature beneath the surface; and Arnold's chances of influencing those whom he chiefly wished to influence were hurt by misunderstandings and resentments. As poet and literary critic his fame will grow: his social writings will long be enjoyable, but are not likely to be efficacious. "How many fools does it take to make a public?" asks Chamfort. In England, Carlyle put the estimate at several millions—a terrible public to conquer by "sweetness and light"; by selections from Wordsworth and readings in Isaiah. Unlike his father, Matthew Arnold had no kingdom of his own, no microcosm to fashion as he would: his educational labours were general and dispersive—a visit here, a report there; now an article, and now a lecture. Yet his name is a force, his convictions carry weight—at least, in the world of experts and idealists in education: his writings remain to impress upon us the intensity of his beliefs. He is himself an example of what "culture" in its noblest sense can do: his often perfect poetry, his choice and pellucid criticism, are, indeed, the work of one who sought to acquaint himself with "the best that is thought and known."

And, despite all mannerism, he, like his father, was upon the side of sober reason and the straight path—no fantastical theorist or dreamer: both were men of strong affections, of unsparing toil, of undaunted energy. They had a right, as Wykehamists, to the Wykehamical motto, "Manners Makyth Man" (*manners* there means *character*), and few men of modern times have been of truer make than this father and this son. Sir Joshua Fitch has raised a worthy memorial to names and fames not soon to be forgotten.

MISS ALMA TADEMA'S POEMS.

Realms of Unknown Kings. By Laurence Alma Tadema. (Grant Richards.)

MANY and obvious are the limitations to Miss Laurence Alma Tadema's talent, as revealed in this little book: her range is narrow, her note monotonous, and in the creation of sheer verbal beauty, in the chasing and jewelling of her lines, she does not excel. But she has gifts which more than compensate for these limitations: the gift of passionate sincerity, a true, though scarcely an unerring, sense of rhythm, and that dramatic faculty which is almost as valuable to the lyric poet as to the dramatist himself. However deep may be the personal feeling expressed in a song, its artistic worth is enhanced, in nine cases out of ten, by a touch of dramatisation. In the purely contemplative, Wordsworthian lyric this is unnecessary. It is unnecessary in the wide-winged impersonal rhapsody, such as Shelley's "Cloud" or Keats's "Nightingale." We do not look for it in the simple amatory lyric, in "O' a' the airts," or "My luvie is like a red, red rose." But the moment a complex personal emotion has to be expressed, it is almost essential to place it in a given situation, real or imaginary, to indicate some shred of story, to dramatise, or (putting the thing in its lowest terms) to ventriloquise a little. The most masterly examples we remember of the dramatic lyric—the song merging in the ballad, yet remaining unmistakably a song—are to be found in "The Bard of the Dimbovitza," translated from the Roumanian by Miss Alma Strettell. Miss Tadema has evidently been influenced by these poems, and in two cases—in "The Unbeloved" and "A Ballad of the Heart's Bounty"—she has rather too patently imitated them. As a rule, however, she has shown originality, as well as tact, in so translating and amplifying the language of her own nature that it gives typical expression to the soul-states of thousands of her sister women. That this has been her conscious design we see from her Dedication, which opens thus:

"Sisters! for you this humble gift of song,
New gathered in the region where my soul
Is one with yours, knowing what bliss and
dole
To womanhood belong."

She sings always as a woman, never as a New Woman. She is conscious and unashamed of the destinies of her sex; she sympathises with its aspirations; but she

does not seek to redress the uneven balance by aping or vituperating the other sex. She promises some day to sing for the "Warrior Women" whose "feet are free," who are "released from the bower's gloom, where once they lived for love." In the meantime, however, she sings

"The Ancient Lay, of those that smile and
wait
For Love, or whom dead Joy leaves desolate."
"I love you all," she says,
"the stricken and the blest;
And if your tears too much bedew my lay,
'Tis that your hearts more often on Grief's
day
Have beat against my breast."

Certainly there is more of the "dole" than of the "bliss" of womanhood in these pages; yet there is nothing hysterical, no shrill or undignified wailing. Even in the less successful pieces we are conscious of artistic impulse and form, and generally, as we have said, of dramatic invention, restraining and ennobling the most passionate utterance. Note the ingenuity of presentation which at once heightens and refines the poignancy of these three quatrains:

"THE EMPTY HEARTH."

"As I sit beside the empty hearth, there's
silence all around,
But I hear the rocking measure of a cradle on
the ground:
My little baby sleeping draws her breath with
gentle sigh,
And my son, of play now weary, nestles close
with drooping eye."

His hand is warm within my hand, his head
upon my breast
Is sweet with the scent of childhood, of the
young bird in the nest;
His face is hidden from me, but his eyes are
strange and bright,
And he whose eyes are like them walks
towards me thro' the night."

I soon shall hear his footstep—oh! his foot-
step!—on the stair,
The door will open, he will come and stand
behind my chair . . .
—God! save me from these dreams! The
hearth is empty, far is he:
And his little children lie asleep on another
woman's knee."

Even here the influence of the Roumanian Folk-Songs is tolerably apparent. Another influence, that of Heine, is paramount in other pieces—usually, it must be confessed, in the more commonplace strains. This is perhaps the best of the Heine group:

"LOST MUSIC."

"I hear a sound of music,
But cold are the hands that play,
And changed the tones they trembling stirred
On a far and wondrous day."

The sound of music rises,
But strikes on my hungered ear
Like a passing bell, untimely heard,
For something that was dear."

The music rises to my heart,
But falls at the bolted door,
Like a dead enchanter's stolen word,
Whose magic works no more."

The longest pieces in the book are "Three Visions," or, as we should rather call them, Fables, which are full of poetic feeling,

but not altogether happy, either in invention or workmanship. Even in these days of rebellion against strict metrical form, we cannot conceive how "The other woman, who was waiting there humbly," is to pass as a blank-verse line. In the main, Miss Tadema's measures, though not pedantically correct, show a true ear for rhythm; and, so far as we have noted, she has only one altogether inadmissible rhyme—to wit, "morn" and "gone." She more than once uses "to ignore" in the sense of "to be ignorant," which is French, not English. These trifles we hold worth remark, for we are sure Miss Tadema would be the last to claim inaccuracy of form and style as a feminine privilege. Among the most delightful things in her book, by the way, is a sequence of three short poems, entitled "Little Girls." Here is the first of them:

"If no one ever marries me—
And I don't see why they should,
For nurse says I'm not pretty,
And I'm seldom very good—

If no one ever marries me,
I sha'n't mind very much;
I shall buy a squirrel in a cage,
And a little rabbit-hutch;

I shall have a cottage near a wood,
And a pony all my own,
And a little lamb quite clean and tame,
That I can take to town.

And when I'm getting really old—
At twenty-eight or nine—
I shall buy a little orphan girl,
And bring her up as mine."

If Miss Tadema can interpret the "Warrior Woman" as well as the "Little Girl" we trust she will keep her promise, and give us a second book of songs.

DOMESTIC ZOOLOGY.

Wild Traits in Tame Animals. By Louis Robinson, M.D. (Blackwood.)

WE took up this book with a certain vague prejudice against it; we have read it through with interest and admiration. It is easy nowadays to write a particular sort of evolutionary essay—the essay which requires no novelty of thought, no individual observation. "Take equal parts of Darwin and of milk-and-water" is the usual recipe; we feared that we were approaching that familiar and mawkish mixture. But Dr. Robinson is a naturalist of quite another sort. He has watched animals under domestication closely, and he has a keen eye for their habits, their fancies, their curious generic and specific tricks. Above all, he is a psychologist with a rare power of throwing himself sympathetically into the mental attitude of the dog, the cat, the goat, the human savage. It is the marked psychological note, indeed, and the clear conception of what our author well calls animal politics—the mutual relations necessitated in each gregarious species by the common wants of the herd—that give their special value to these excellent studies in horse and dog nature. There is no clap-trap; all is first-hand observation, well interpreted with

scientific precision. Even the author's boldest suggestions, such as the hint of protective mimicry by a coiled cat of a coiled serpent, are supported by good and striking evidence.

Dr. Robinson's central idea seems to be that for the origin of almost every trait we observe in domesticated animals we must go back to their wild ancestry. He minimises the influence of human selection and human training; allowing them, indeed, full credit for whatever they have actually performed, but showing sufficient grounds for his general belief that, on the whole, each species remains pretty much what it was before man began to take it into his unequal partnership. Thus he acutely suggests that the dog could never have been taught what man has taught him had he been originally a solitary hunter; he was a member of a pack which co-operated for common purposes—nay, which subordinated some individuals to others; which had division of labour and specialised functions—and in virtue of this fact, when man took the dog into his company as partner, the dog continued to play his accustomed rôle in the new community. As watch-dog, he guards the lair of the pack, so to speak; he barks because he is a gregarious creature, habituated to act in concert with others. His loyalty to his master, his readiness to defend him when attacked, is an echo of his loyalty to his four-footed comrades. His work as pointer or setter is the result of the habit of hunting in company, and is most ingeniously explained by a good train of reasoning. In short, Dr. Robinson shows that to dogs man is just a very superior dog, a capable leader in the pack to which both belong. Even the wagging of the dog's tail is a signal to his fellows: everything about him bears reference to his gregarious nature.

Equally admirable are the accounts of the horse and the donkey. Many of us have sometimes suspected that the habit of shying in horses was due to superstitious terrors—the dread of something equivalent to a ghost. Dr. Robinson gives an explanation far better and more natural: horses descend from ancestors accustomed to roam over close-cropped pastures, where any tuft of long grass might conceal a snake or other venomous animal; hence, timidity about such objects—transferred now to pieces of loose paper or cabbage leaves in the road—was really in the beginning a preservative trait. He notes that the donkey, whose progenitors were mountain beasts living among desert rocks (whence their sure-footedness), do not shy; but he omits to observe, we imagine, that the sideways movement of alarm in shying, which is useful on a broad plain, would be wholly disadvantageous, or even fatal, among ledges and gulleys. Better run the risk of a bite than be flung over a precipice. The acute observations upon the carriage of the head, low or high, in forest and mountain animals respectively are exceedingly valuable. Indeed, the book abounds with just such admirable *aperçus*. Pigs fatten easily, because their ancestors had to eat mast in autumn against the winter fast; and when frost lasted long, the fattest wild boar, in other words, the largest eater and best

layer-on of adipose tissue, would alone survive to carry on the species to future generations. Cows give us milk and wait to be milked because the ancestral cow left her calf in hiding, and went far afield for pasture; her chewing the cud depends equally upon her habit in early days of eating hastily where exposed to the attacks of wild beasts, and then digesting at leisure in her lair with comparative safety. How good, too, is the remark that while the gregarious dog looks upon men as members of the pack, the solitary cat regards us "rather as part of the furniture than as comrades."

Like most neo-Darwinians, Dr. Robinson attributes almost everything to natural selection, and is sceptical about the inheritance of acquired characters. Certainly, his explanations smooth over some difficulties; but he does not entirely give himself away to Weismann. On one point we venture to differ from him. He more than once sets down the beginnings of domestication to the supposed savage habit of bringing home young animals as pets in the family. It is more probable, however, as Sir Martin Conway has suggested in the case of the cat, that animals were at first domesticated as totems—that is to say, as Mr. Frazer points out, were regarded as the home of the separable soul of their captors. If domestication took its rise in this way—if each tame cow or sheep or camel was at first carefully tended as containing the soul of a friend or brother, we can better understand that curious belief in the brotherhood of the herd with man which is common among Zulus, ancient Arabs, and most other pastoral races, and on which Prof. Robertson Smith founded his well-known theory of Kinship. This is a curious instance of the way in which one science may cast light upon another. In order fully to complete these interesting studies, Dr. Robinson should certainly pay some attention to this abstruse subject of totemism and the separable soul, as elucidated by Robertson Smith, Frazer, and Sidney Hartland. It would then probably become clear why certain animals were first domesticated; while the value for food of the cow, for draught of the camel, for clothing of the sheep, might further show why certain tribes, having selected these species for their sacred beasts, had an advantage in the struggle for life of tribe against tribe over those who had chosen as totems, say, the crocodile or the marmot. This is a study quite in Dr. Robinson's own line. We recommend it to his notice.

FACTS VERSUS FUN.

More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. (Chatto & Windus.)

WE lay aside this extensive book (it has 486 pages of small type) with the reflection that Mark Twain is wiser and wittier than ever, but less funny. His power of seeing straight and setting down his opinions in unmistakable sentences is still with him; his asides on men and their ways show, if

anything, an increase of shrewdness and a new flavour of cynicism, gained probably in a hard school; his interest in what is interesting is as quick; but the quality for which nine out of every ten persons buy his books—his fun—is not what it was. As a sequel to *A Tramp Abroad*—as the title *More Tramps Abroad* implies it is intended to be—this book is a failure. As a rambling, disordered account of travels in Australasia, India, and South Africa, interspersed with dissertations on government and Thuggism and social problems and life generally, it is a work unusually able and picturesque; for although Mark Twain grows less amusing, he is not to thinking persons, therefore, less attractive. His good sense is so dominant. At the same time, the majority of English readers do not greatly care for the political and serious opinions of an American author to whom they once confidently resorted for laughter. When they wish to be instructed concerning Greater Britain, they prefer that it should be done by an Englishman. Hence Mark Twain's new book is likely to be far more popular in America than in this country.

We do not wish to suggest that there is no fun in its pages. There is a good leavening, but the proportion of fun to hard sense and hard facts is smaller than usual and the quality less high. There is nothing, for example, to bear comparison with the Blue Jays or the Gambetta-Four-tou duel in *A Tramp Abroad*. Mark Twain seems to have lost the inclination to elaborate a joke. The funny passages in *More Tramps Abroad* are hurried, and for the most part are retrospective. But now and then there is an old touch, as in this description of the Australian bell-bird:

"The naturalist spoke of the bell-bird, the creature that at short intervals all day rings out its mellow and exquisite peal from the depths of the forest. It is the favourite and best friend of the weary and thirsty sundowner; for he knows that wherever the bell-bird is there is water, and he goes somewhere else."

Again, an Indian servant with a limited stock of English words led to the following memorable passage:

"How did you get your English; is it an acquirement, or just a gift of God?"

After some hesitation—piously:

"Yes, He is very good. Christian God very good, Hindoo god very good too. Two million Hindoo god, one Christian God—make two million and one. All mine; two million and one God. I got a plenty. Sometime I pray all time at those, keep it up, go all time every day, give something at shrine; all good for me, make me better man; good for me, good for my family, dam good."

India also yields the following:

"After a while we stopped at a little wooden coop of a station just within the curtain of the sombre jungle—a place with a deep and dense forest of great trees and scrub and vines all about it. The royal Bengal tiger is in great force there, and is very bold and unconventional. From this lonely little station a message once went to the railway manager in Calcutta: 'Tiger eating stationmaster in front porch; telegraph instructions.'"

A book with such good absurdities is not wholly futile. But their infrequency causes

sadness that, since he wrote *A Tramp Abroad*, Mark Twain has undergone changes. We regret that he has studied the history of Joan of Arc and dabbled in occult arts; that he has tried his hand at business and failed and grown quite lamentably fond of facts and figures and politics: because the result is that fun has passed into the background of his brain. The loss is ours. Of the stories told in the new book, the following is among the best. It refers to a discussion at *table d'hôte* as to whether the Scotch peasantry pronounced the word "three"—"three" or "thraw":

"The solitary Scot was having a sultry time of it, so I thought I would enrich him with my help. In my position I was necessarily quite impartial, and was equally as well and as ill-equipped to fight on the one side as the other. So I spoke up, and said the peasantry pronounced it *three* not *thraw*. It was an error of judgment. There was a moment of astonished and ominous silence, then weather ensued. The storm rose and spread in a surprising way, and I was snowed under in a very few minutes. It was a bad defeat for me; a kind of Waterloo. It promised to remain so, and I wish I had had better sense than to enter upon such a forlorn enterprise. But just then I had a saving thought, at least a thought that offered a chance. While the storm was still raging I made up a Scotch couplet, and then spoke up and said:

'Very well, don't say any more, I confess defeat. I thought I knew, but I see my mistake. I was deceived by one of your Scotch poets.'

'A Scotch poet! Oh, come! Name him.'

'Robert Burns.'

It is wonderful the power of that name. These men looked doubtful—but paralysed all the same. They were quite silent for a moment; then one of them said—with the reverence in his voice which is always present in a Scotchman's tone when he utters the name—

'Does Robbie Burns say—what does he say?'

'This is what he says:

'There were nae bairns but only three—
One at the breast, twa at the knee.'

It ended the discussion. There was no man there profane enough, disloyal enough, to say any word against a thing which Robert Burns had settled. I shall always honour that great name for the salvation it brought me in this time of my sore need.

It is my belief that nearly any invented quotation, played with confidence, stands a good chance to deceive. There are people who think that honesty is always the best policy. This is a superstition; there are times when the appearance of it is worth six of it."

After the South African chapters (in the reading of which we do not envy Dr. Jameson) many persons will value most the maxims from Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar. In his early work Mark Twain did not display much epigrammatic ability. He "spread himself." Nor does he tend to compactness in the body of this, his latest, book. But at the head of each chapter he has put a little crisp aphorism, usually cynical, almost always true, and often witty. Some are excellent, and are likely to pass into our proverbial wisdom. With the quotation of a few, we take leave of a good-humoured, instructive, entertaining, careless, ill-considered, and rather disappointing book.

"Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who

has merely laid an egg cackles as if she had laid an asteroid.

There is a Moral Sense, and there is an Immoral Sense. History shows us that the Moral Sense enables us to perceive morality, and how to avoid it; and that the Immoral Sense enables us to perceive immorality, and how to enjoy it.

There are people who can do all fine and heroic things but one: keep from telling their happinesses to the unhappy.

Let us be thankful for the fools. But for them the rest of us could not succeed.

There are several good protections against temptation; but the surest is cowardice.

Each person is born with one possession which outvalues all his others—his last breath.

If the desire to kill and the opportunity to kill came always together—who would escape hanging?

There are two times in a man's life when he should not speculate: when he can't afford it, and when he can.

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

Satan (impatiently) to New-Comer: 'The trouble with you Chicago people is that you think you are the best people down here; whereas you are merely the most numerous.'

The principal difference between a cat and a lie is, that a cat has only nine lives.

First catch your Boer, then kick him."

A BAD TRANSLATION.

Sonnets of José-Maria de Heredia. Done into English by Edward Robeson Taylor. (San Francisco: William Doxey, At the Sign of the Lark.)

If this be not the worst translation in the world, it ought to be: but never, surely, has a more impeccable poet been more scandalously traduced than is M. de Heredia by Mr. Taylor of San Francisco. His book gives us the impression that he learned French and translated M. de Heredia *pari passu*, and, consequently, that *Les Trophées* is the first book of French verse that he has read. This would account for the interesting statement that the poet

"follows the privilege of his Italian model in rhyming words which have the same articulate sound but different meanings—and, in fact, we have in one sonnet the rhyme of the octet (*sic*) thus: *catalpas, pétale, fatale, pas, trépas, occidentale, s'étale, pas*; and, in fact, such rhymes occur frequently in his work."

Sancta simplicitas! of course they do. Has Mr. Taylor never heard of the *rime riche* or the *consonne d'appui*, those elementary features of French prosody? Again, he tells us that he has preserved the original form of the sonnets: why, then, does he write his versions in lines of varying length, alexandrines and octosyllabics mingling with the normal decasyllabic? Of all forms of verse, the sonnet can least allow itself to be played with and corrupted. But if Mr. Taylor must introduce alexandrines into decasyllabic sonnets, let him write them decently. "Though Can's, Galeas', Hercules', or Ezzelin's name he own": there is sweetness long drawn out for you! And such cacophonies abound. Further, we have hitherto believed that translation was not the

same as transcription; but Mr. Taylor, his dictionary failing him, or his poverty of rhymes compelling him, transcribes literally such words as *poulaines*, *fermail*, *chaton*, *mattresse*, *quillons*, *paillon*, *pompons*, *pampre*, *crinière*, *percale*, *pulverin*. The most amusing and audacious instance of this labour-saving contrivance is in the line "The unicorn, leopard, allurion or guivré": the last word rhyming to "free." M. de Heredia has *alérion ou guivre*, the last word rhyming to *suivra*. Our compliments to Mr. Taylor upon "allurion" and his accented "guivré": he has enriched the Californian language. In a similar spirit, he has added to Latin the impossible word "Eumolpidus": but scholarship of any kind is not his strong point. He mistranslates amazingly. Take the last line of the first lovely sonnet, "L'Oubli": "La Mer qui se lamente en pleurant les Sirènes" (the sea making moan for her lost Sirens), Mr. Taylor translates: "The ocean moaning as the Sirens weep." Here is both impossible grammar and a blank insensibility to the emotion and meaning of the original, which is a lament over the vanished glory and beauty of the ancient world. M. de Heredia's line is almost parallel with Fitz-Gerald's—

"The seas that mourn
In flowing purple, of their Lord forlorn."

Another instance. An old image of the Garden God, Priapus, bewails the neglect that has befallen him; if it last he will grow worm-eaten: "J'ai peur d'être piqué des vers." Will it be believed that Mr. Taylor translates: "I dread of heartless *verse* the sting"? In a sonnet of the same series Priapus threatens the pillaging children—"le colon vous épie"—and he will avenge the god:

"Vos reins sauront alors tout ce que pèse un
Dieu
De bois dur emmanché d'un bras d'homme
qui frappe."

This becomes:

"With hard wood handled by his arm he'll
make
Your loins well smoke, whatever God may
care."

When he can go wrong Mr. Taylor goes wrong: *filles d'Ausonie* becomes "Ausonius' daughters"; there is no such person as Ausonius, except to the inventor of "Eumolpidus." He thinks that "mit à sang la Romagne" means "to kindred gives Romagna." But the chief, the mortal sin of this *tradition* is his ruining of M. de Heredia's austere and fine imaginings. If Mr. Taylor can make a beautiful conception commonplace or meaningless, he does so:

"La Terre maternelle et douce aux anciens
dieux
Fait à chaque printemps, vainement éloquente,
Au chapeau brisé verdier une autre acanthe."

Beautiful, and surely of a simple beauty, yet it suffers this violence:

"Sweet mother Earth, all vainly eloquent,
Each springtime to the gods acanthus green
Gives for the capitals that once have been."

Mr. Taylor does not see that it is to the ancient gods that Earth is a sweet mother, bearing them a mother's love in their down-

fall and dethronement; he does not see, that there is no mere meaningless substitution of acanthus "for the capitals," but that Earth, vainly eloquent, makes the acanthus grow around the broken capitals, as if to replace the carven acanthus that blossomed there, when the marble columns were upright and the gods honoured in their temples. One almost blushes to explain a thing so simple. Or take a phrase from "Le Cocher" (the Charioteer):

"Dans le cirque ébloui, vers le but et la palme,
Sept fois, triomphateur vertigineux et calme,
Il a tourné."

Would not a child fix upon the phrase *vertigineux et calme* as the salient and most imaginative phrase? The victor, his brain and senses whirling with the whirling chariot, giddy with the drunkenness of triumph and swift motion, yet "calm" through it all, his own master, lord of himself. Absolutely ignoring *vertigineux*, Mr. Taylor gives us "The Victor—cool and calm." In the same sonnet the victor is described as "issu d'un père illustre et plus illustre encor." What right has Mr. Taylor to foist upon us, and still more upon M. de Heredia, the stupid "Famous his sire, himself on honour's roll"? If M. de Heredia had meant that he would have said that. Take the first line of "La Trebbia"—"L'aube d'un jour sinistre a blanchi les hauteurs." Here is a precise statement, concrete, pictorial; we decline to accept in lieu of it "this direful daydawn comes with fatal speed." Mr. Taylor might just as well have said, "Alas! too soon," or "With rapid tread," or "Dawn comes—a way dawn has." If we try to view the translations as English verse, apart from their fidelity to the original phrase and thought, we are still unable to welcome them. They abound in maddening inversions and omissions of the article, reminding us of Dr. Johnson's famous parody, "Hermit hoar in hollow cell"; they are awkward, stilted, harsh. Impossible, with all the will in the world, to take pleasure in such lines as:

"No! Let the sapphire-sparkling orb reveal
From Ophir's warrior race some proud profile,
Thalestria, Audas, Bradamant, Penthesilea;
And that her beauty may be still more fell,
Casque her blonde locks with winged beast,
and be a
Gorgon of gold on bosom's lovely swell."

Or in such as

"Beneath my brushes are born, live, run, and
soar,
The monstrous people of mythology:
Pan, Centaurs, Sphinx, Chimæra, the Orgy,
And race of Gorgo, Pegasus, and Chrysaor.
Shall I now paint Achilles weeping near
Penthesilea? Orpheus, with arms toward
banished dear
For whom the infernal gate shall ne'er
relent?"

This is chokepear poetry; but let us, in justice to Mr. Taylor, quote one fairly happy rendering from the Michael Angelo sonnet. Keats tells of "the music yearning like a god in pain." M. de Heredia speaks of the marble images themselves "yearning" with a shudder and thrill of wrath, the god within them longing to burst his bonds and cast off the constraint of matter. "La

colère d'un Dieu vaincu par la matière!" Mr. Taylor writes, and his line has good qualities: "The passion of a god imprisoned there!" But that is by far his high-water mark of achievement.

M. de Heredia is among the aristocrats of poetry—austere, refined to the utmost enamoured of perfection, in love with law and limitation. Spanish and French, he has the haughtiness of the one nation, the politeness of the other. His nobler sonnets are trumpet peals, challenges brief and proud; but there is no rude ruggedness of sound, all is exquisitely attuned and modulated; it is so that he speaks of the Conquistadors and the golden glory of old Spain. Then, he can write things worthy of the Greek anthologists and of the Latin epigrammatists; or produce pieces like the chased work of Cellini; or emulate the illuminators of missals; or rival Du Bellay in the sentiment of lost antiquity, and vanished beauty, and ruined splendour, gone at "the unimaginable touch of time." He is not a great poet; he lacks humanity for that. But within his chosen and deliberate ground he is great with the greatness of one perfect in the accomplishment of his own ends. It is precisely such scrupulous perfection, such loyal labour, that the French Academy should honour, and in him has honoured. And it is this essential artist that Mr. Taylor has elected to deface and to deform. We rejoice, for the fair fame of American scholarship and culture, to learn that only four hundred copies of his lamentable bungle are on sale.

THE TRAGIC MARY.

*Mary, Queen of Scots: From her Birth to her
Flight into England.* By David Hay
Fleming. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Of rhetoric with regard to Mary, Queen of Scots, the rhetoric of attack and the rhetoric of defence, we have perhaps had enough. And for the most part it has been an *a priori* rhetoric, whose wings a more exhaustive and painstaking study of the evidence might not improbably have cut. But the evidence is voluminous and complicated, and in many important points inconclusive. Wherefore rhetoric has always been the easier as well as the more effective thing. Mr. Fleming, however, has chosen the better part. He has eschewed rhetoric and devoted himself to facts. For years he has pounded away at the chronicles and the letters and the depositions, with the result that he is now able to produce the first instalment of a work of the very highest value to all historical students. The volume now before us carries the story down to Mary's flight into England on May 16, 1568. A second volume will deal with her English life, and to this Mr. Fleming defers an index and a treatment of that central and vexed question of the Casket Letters. The method adopted is, briefly, as follows. Two hundred pages contain a succinct narrative, almost colourless in its detachment from emotion, and in wording as far as possible drawn from contemporary documents, of the facts

of Mary's career as Mr. Fleming sees them at the close of his investigations. Where the facts appear to be hopelessly clouded in doubt, there Mr. Fleming is content briefly to put the dilemma as it presents itself, and to leave it so, without rhetoric or the dangerous exercise of his historical imagination. Here is what he says as to that tilting-ground of the advocates, Mary's complicity in Darnley's murder:

"Mary's behaviour before and after Darnley's murder is, in the opinion of many, quite sufficient to establish her guilt. It is not easy to get over the incontrovertible outstanding facts that she was on bad terms with him until the suspicious reconciliation, which was so quickly followed by his tragic death, that the favour which she had been showing to Bothwell continued to increase, although he was commonly and justly regarded as the chief murderer: and that, in spite of the remonstrances of her outspoken friends, she married him so soon after the murder. Around these central facts are grouped multitudes of details, almost every one of which has been the subject of keen controversy. To one set of writers, the general drift of these details only shows more clearly Mary's infatuated love for Bothwell, and her determination to have him in spite of all obstacles. To another set, they furnish convincing proof that she was the unfortunate, if not helpless, victim of a huge conspiracy to hurl her from her throne. One of her most recent and most brilliant apologists is certainly not too severe on her in holding that she was not entirely unaware of the measures of the nobles to secure Darnley's removal; and 'that, if she did not expressly sanction the enterprise, she failed, firmly and promptly, to forbid its execution.' The *Book of Articles* and the *Detection*, however, represent her part of the play as far from passive. According to them, she was not only passionately enamoured of Bothwell, but bent on being rid of Darnley, whom she treacherously lured to his doom."

These pages of narrative are followed by about twice their number devoted to notes, in which Mr. Fleming goes elaborately into the detailed evidence for almost every statement that he has made in the text; enumerating references, correcting errors, and setting authority against authority. With the formal arrangement we are not well pleased. Foot notes, and not terminal ones, are almost necessary for practical convenience in using a book of this sort, and the further disfigurement of a page, which already has a dozen or so of reference-numbers hung up in it, must be put up with. But of the subject-matter, with a single exception, to which we shall refer immediately, we cannot speak too highly. As a critical history and a magazine of facts, the book is an invaluable one; its study the essential preliminary to the first steps towards an historical judgment of Mary. It will secure Mr. Fleming an honourable reputation for fine scholarship and patient industry. The itinerary alone, which he puts into an appendix, must represent months of tedious work; and the critical sagacity displayed in the sifting of the immense mass of material to be dealt with is of a very high order.

Mr. Fleming's purpose, as has been said, is to collect facts rather than to pass judgment. He is unable, however, to conceal that his bias is not on the side of those who

pose as Mary's extremer champions. Our own view is as his in this matter, yet the one fault we have to find in the book is in regard to the attitude he has chosen to adopt towards the writers of *Apologie*. The preface opens with a statement that in recent years the Marian controversy has become less acrimonious. Turning the page, we come on the following remarks with respect to two earlier biographers—Father Stevenson and the late Sir John Skelton:

"The former has dimmed his great reputation as an historical student by prejudice, partiality, and perversion; and the latter not only rivals him in these faults, but is so reckless in matters of fact, and so careless in quotation, that no reliance can be placed on his statements, no weight on his opinions."

This is only a sample of the temper in which these writers, and Sir John Skelton in particular, are assailed throughout Mr. Fleming's notes. "Characteristic perversity" and "a disordered imagination" are among the least of the failings imputed to Sir John. In one place he is accused of giving extracts "in his usual mangled fashion" from Knox's *History*; in another, of printing, not, as his language implies, actual documents, "but merely a summary—an imperfect, a misleading, a dishonest summary!" In a third, we learn that "in his apparent desire to blacken Murray he runs the risk of being deemed as unscrupulous as the English Queen whom he so heartily despises." Nor is our opinion of these controversial amenities affected by the fact that they happen to be published after Sir John Skelton's death. They were evidently intended to appear during his lifetime in the ordinary course of polemic; but even so, directed at the living and not the dead, we hold them for inexcusable. Mr. Fleming is happier in the ironic tolerance with which he treats certain enthusiastic feminine biographers of Mary. These ladies, in their ignorance and their sentimentalism, are fair, if not very difficult, game.

SCIENCE OF THE STARS.

"THE CONCISE KNOWLEDGE LIBRARY."—*Astronomy*. By Agnes M. Clerke, A. Fowler, and J. Ellard Gore. (Hutchinson & Co.)

IN the latest Report of the United States Bureau of Ethnology there is a paper on the ceremonial dances of the peculiarly cultivated Pueblo Indians of the far southwest, from which we learn that these representatives of an aboriginal race regulate their festivals by observations of the sun. When the sun rises at a particular point on the horizon, as shown by reference to fixed marks on the landscape, they begin their ceremonies, just as the Egyptians did in their temples three or four thousand years ago. In observations of this kind, when the "lights in the firmament of the heaven" were watched "for signs and for seasons, and for days and years," we have the first stage of astronomical knowledge. The next stage in the history of the science was marked by the construction of theories to account for the observed celestial aspects;

and it was not until the invention of the telescope and spectroscope that it became possible to inquire what the heavenly bodies are in themselves.

These three stages of growth are so clearly marked that they suggest the historical method as the best to follow in presenting the facts of astronomy. We should, therefore, be inclined to make Mr. Fowler's remarkably clear account of the motions of celestial bodies precede Miss Clerke's outline of astronomical history from Hipparchus to the present time, instead of follow it. Before the significance of the work of Copernicus or of Kepler can be appreciated, or such expressions as the "aberration of light" and the "nutation of the earth's axis" can be understood, it is necessary to know something about the earth and its place in the universe. Therefore, though the view of astronomical progress presented by Miss Clerke reads pleasantly enough to an astronomer, to the lay reader it would be of greater service if placed at the end rather than at the beginning of the book.

The marvellous results obtained since the spectroscope and photographic camera were requisitioned for the service of astronomy appeal to everyone's admiration. A beam of sunlight or of starlight is sifted through a wedge or prism of glass, and the skein of colour is thereby unravelled into its component threads, which the astronomer is able to identify as the light-badges of various elements. The spectroscopic prism is thus able to tell us that the sun and stars are made of materials like those which build up the earth, but at a transcendental temperature. It also shows that they are in various stages of development; or in analogy with the belief of the Micmac Indians, that the stars are camp-fires, the brighter ones being the fires of the chiefs, we may say that among the unnumbered lights which paint the sky there are some that have not long been lit—if time is reckoned in aeons—and others which are on the way to extinction.

Much more might have been made of this fascinating branch of astronomy than has been done. Mr. Fowler gives a good description of the spectroscope in his section on "Geometrical Astronomy and Astronomical Instruments," but spectrum analysis applied to the stars is dismissed by Miss Clerke in a couple of pages, and though items of information as to the spectra of particular stars are scattered through Mr. Gore's section on "The Sidereal Heavens," no connected view is given of the light which the spectroscope has thrown upon the constitutions and relationships of celestial bodies.

The general objection to books of composite authorship—that the various contributions overlap one another—applies to this one. The absence of editorial powers or performances (we have not overlooked Mr. Alfred H. Miles's name as nominal editor) does not, however, seriously affect the merit of the work, which is certainly a suggestive, though not exhaustive, account of the present state of celestial science. If future volumes of the "Concise Knowledge Library" are as good as this one the publication of them will certainly assist in teaching the revelations of nature.

GIFT BOOKS.

Thomas Gainsborough: A Record of His Life and Works. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. (Bell & Sons.)

THIS volume has been produced on a scale similar to that of the study of the work of Sir E. Burne-Jones which proceeded from the same firm. It has spacious pages set in honest type and varied by a number of plates, photographically produced, of Gainsborough's pictures and sketches. Such a work gravitates to the drawing-room table as surely as a cat seeks the hearth-rug. Mrs. Bell's *History of Art* proves her fitness to have undertaken this monograph. Except that colour is wanting, her book supplies an adequate Gainsborough Gallery in miniature. All the favourites are here, and it is pleasant to meet with less familiar the pictures, such as some of the child subjects at the end.

People of Dickens. Drawn by C. D. Gibson. (John Lane.)

From this portfolio, whose superficies is midway between that of the *Globe* and the *Daily Telegraph*, we extricated six plates which, when spread out with their attendant fly-leaves, obliterated our office and everyone in it. A careful scrutiny of the pictures supports our belief that Mr. Gibson is a brilliant draughtsman; but he is a poor illustrator of English comic novels. His Scrooge is more like the Pope than Dickens' miser; Caleb Plummer's daughter is the ordinary American artist's conception of the Virgin; Mr. Micawber is a poor echo of the late Fred. Barnard; Mr. Pickwick has been sacrificed to a daring scheme of light and shade. The least unsatisfactory figures from the point of view of one that loves Dickens are Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness. None the less we can recommend the portfolio to those drawing-room tables which are extensive enough to give it harbourage, for it is certain to lead to discussions which may end in sending the disputants to Dickens again.

The Quarto. Vol. III. (Virtue & Co.)

The Quarto is visible and tangible evidence that the Slade School is not without artistic and literary aspirations. As a proof of artistic and literary capacity it is less satisfactory. Between its covers is some good, quiet, original work; we cannot say more. We miss courage, spirit, high ambition. Traces of youthfulness—and consequent crudity—one expects: they are no disgrace; but tameness is never admirable. The work of students is supplemented by reproductions after Rossetti, Sir E. J. Poynter, Sir E. Burne-Jones, Mr. George Clausen, and Mr. A. J. Gaskin. Stories, essays, music, and poems complete a mediocre volume. We regret that we have no higher praise than this.

The Art of Painting in the Queen's Reign. By A. G. Temple. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE title of this imposing work (which weighs all but five pounds avoirdupois) is almost criticism enough. One deduces the

book in an instant—the reproductions from Turner and Landseer, from Millais and Rossetti, from Mr. Watts and the late Lord Leighton, from Mr. Leader and Mr. Alma Tadema, from Fred Walker and Sir E. Burne-Jones. A man who chooses such a title practically has his work done for him. Fortunately Mr. Temple has found publishers who were ready to support him nobly, and his volume of seventy-seven plates and accompanying text makes a very handsome portfolio. The text takes the form mainly of short biographical notices of the painters. Among the surprises are Mr. Whistler's "Miss Alexander," Mr. Sargent's "Mrs. Hammersley," Mr. Greiffenhagen's "Judgment of Paris" (not by any means his best work), and Mr. Lavery's "Ariadne." These are surprises because we are not yet accustomed to them in this form, but doubtless we are destined soon to be so. We think it a pity that Mr. Temple quits Mr. Clausen.

London as Seen by Charles Dana Gibson. (John Lane.)

In this work, which is of more reasonable dimensions than the Dickens portfolio, Mr. Gibson is on surer ground. "Society" scenes are more to his taste than the characters of *Pickwick*: he is not truly himself except among swallow-tailed coats and low necks. The book before us contains some scores of drawings of fashionable London life, interspersed with recognisable character-studies. We like the wash drawings best, especially a crowd at a pit door in the rain. In his line drawings Mr. Gibson is unduly scratchy and harsh. They seem to need a minifying process; reduced to half they might be quite agreeable. One of the most satisfying represents "Sunday Morning near Stanhope Gate." Mr. Gibson here and there offers a written comment on the subject which he chooses for illustration.

Aquitaine: A Traveller's Tales. By Wickham Flower. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (Chapman & Hall.)

In Mr. Flower's tales we are offered *réchauffés* of old French history. All are concerned with Poitiers, its battles, its buildings, and its saints. They are pleasantly done, but the author is unfortunate in having been preceded in this *genre* by the hand that wrote of "Apollo in Picardy" and "Denys L'Auxerrois." Mr. Pennell's illustrations are unequal—a few are excellent, others show signs of haste or are over mechanical. "Le Pont Joubert-Poitiers" (p. 53) is the best of all. It is firmly drawn; the composition is masterly; and it has light.

A Country Garland of Ten Songs gathered from the Hesperides of Robert Herrick. Set to Music by J. S. Moorat, with a Cover and Drawings by Paul Woodroffe. (George Allen.)

Of the music in this volume we are not prepared to speak; but we must say that if it were Mr. Woodroffe's intention to offer Mr. Walter Crane the sincerest form of flattery he could not have done it better than by putting forth these echoes from *Flora's Feast*. And Mr. Woodroffe is a

clever and graceful draughtsman, not in the least in need of resorting for ideas to other men's work.

Lullaby Land. By Eugene Field. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. (John Lane.)

EUGENE FIELD was the author of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod," of "Little Boy Blue," "The Sugar-Plum Tree," and many other pieces which young America knows better than young England. A true lover of children, most, if not all, of his verses were composed for the delight of his own little people, and we may be sure that their purpose was fulfilled. A few verses for children which have been thus tested are worth volumes that have not. In this slender little book everything intended by Mr. Field for children is printed, together with a large number of drawings by Mr. Charles Robinson. We do not consider Mr. Robinson to be the artist that once he was. His *Child's Garden of Verses* had a grace and winsomeness which he now rarely reproduces; but his line is exquisite, and his invention nimble, although often over complicated. At no time, however, was he an illustrator for children, but for their elders: the audience, in short, at whom Mr. Kenneth Grahame aims his preface. Perhaps, considering that books have to reach the young *vid* the old, it is as well.

Other volumes of verses for children lie before us, the best of which is *Singing Verses for Children*, a collection of songs, pictures, and music, of American origin (Macmillan & Co.). The author is Lydia Avery Coonley, and the artist Alice Kellogg Tyler; the composers are four in number. For anyone needing simple lays for young voices these seem to be excellent. It is hard to find no encouragement for the author and artists of the other works before us; but we have no positive praise either for *Baby Lays*, by A. Stow and E. Calvert (Elkin Mathews), *Butterfly Ballads*, by Helen Atteridge and Gordon Browne (John Milne), or *Songs for the Children*, by Sidney Heath (Chapman & Hall). Much kindly intention must have gone to the making of these books. It is possible, too, that the critic's despair may be the child's delight. Let us leave the subject with that aspiration.

The Fairy Stepmother. By Esca Gray. (James Clarke & Co.)

A BRIGHT little story of three children who learn from their nurse, in not too gentle a fashion, that their father is about to bring home what she describes as a new "missus." The tale of their dismay, and of the expedients which they propose for averting the calamity, is cleverly told. Happily, their fears are not realised, and in place of the Gorgon of their imagination they find a "fairy stepmother." The story is very short, and leaves the reader asking for more.

Olga, by Vin Vincent (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is the story of a high-spirited, passionate boy, of an unsympathetic father, and a little girl friend. The gradual transformation of the father and the boy's self-conquest are well told. *Scarlet Feathers*: a

Story of Adventure Among the Indians of Arizona, by Henry J. Barker (Griffith, Farran & Co.), is sufficiently full of blood-curdling adventure to delight the heart of the most exacting boy. The story is of blood-thirsty Navajo and friendly Pueblo Indians. There are hair-breadth escapes from rattlesnakes and from dangers of every kind. *Ida from India: a Tale for Girls*, by Mrs. Herbert Martin (Griffith, Farran & Co.). A wholesome and interesting tale of the development of a spoilt child into a strong and loving character. There is a slip on page 182 that it would be well to correct. *Gubbins Minor, and Some other Fellows*, by Fred. Whishaw (Griffith, Farran & Co.). A lively story of school life. The incident of the stolen money is summed up too lightly. Theft is not the best opening for a career leading to the Victoria Cross. *The Adventures of a Stowaway*, by Fred. Whishaw (Griffith, Farran & Co.). Earth and sea conspire to give adventure to the runaway schoolboy, who is the central figure in this exciting story. It is to be hoped the perusal will not inspire many small boys to make their escape from school bedrooms by the aid of sheets, and conceal themselves on board P. & O. steamers bound for India. *Miss Bobbie*, by Ethel S. Turner (Ward, Lock & Co.). A capital book. The characters are as bright and sparkling as the ruddy hair of the heroine, to which she traces her hasty temper, and whose destruction she compasses with a view to improving her moral character.

BRIEFER MENTION.

London Riverside Churches. By A. E. Daniell. (Constable & Co.)

THIS is a conscientious catalogue of churches, facts, and epitaphs; but a charming subject has been treated without charm. Surely the time has come to abate books of facts about London in favour of books in which feeling and fancy have play. Mr. Daniell's industry is unimpeachable; but he can write about Chelsea Old Church with a blind eye to its place in the river landscape, with serene forgetfulness of its old character as a village church remote from London. His description of St. Mary's, Rotherhithe, would please Mr. Gradgrind, but those readers who have approached it by water, or through alleys of wharves and warehouses, and have found the light of other days brooding over the old God's-acre of the mariners, will be impatient of a chapter which does not lure one to Rotherhithe, but only makes an old church seem like other old churches.

Poems of Thomas Hood. Edited by Alfred Ainger. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE number of Hood's poems which people want grows less every year. To the younger generation he is probably hardly more than a name. We do not think that this ought to be the case, but there can be little doubt that it is so. Punning ballads, even the cleverest in the language, are out of fashion,

and when Hood was serious he was not pre-eminent, except in very rare instances. Two volumes of Hood's poems are, therefore, extremely good measure, and must be considered a concession to old-fashioned readers who wish to be reminded of their youth. For modern taste one tiny tome would have sufficed. Speaking for ourselves, we are glad to have Canon Ainger's selection and kindly and judicious introduction. Therein he tells, with much graceful literary skill, the story of Hood's life, its struggles and melancholy, and offers a welcome eulogy of the fun of what was at once one of the gentlest and most sportive fancies that ever expressed itself on paper. This new edition is excellently published. The print is clear, the paper white and durable, the binding a wholesome red. There, also, are two portraits of the poet.

Selections from the British Satirists. With an Introductory Essay by Cecil Headlam. (F. E. Robinson.)

WITH the best will in the world to find good in this book, we are afraid we can award it only qualified praise. Mr. Headlam has certainly read up his subject conscientiously; indeed, we are inclined to think that he has read too many books. His Introduction fills seventy-two pages, and is overburdened with critical and biographical details, which had better have formed a set of notes at the end of the volume. Neither from Mr. Headlam's introduction nor from the extracts themselves can we gather that he has formed a clear conception of what manner of writer a satirist is. We find Goldsmith represented by passages from "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "The Retaliation." These poems are not satires, and they contain very few satirical touches; yet Mr. Headlam prints Goldsmith's character-sketch of the schoolmaster in "The Deserted Village" as a specimen of the art! As for "The Retaliation," it is simply good-natured chaff. From Goldsmith's masterpiece of genial satire, *The Citizen of the World*, there is but one short extract, and that not well chosen.

Mr. Headlam does not seem to distinguish between satires and compositions containing satire; between writers who are occasionally satirical (as most writers are) and writers who have produced satires in the true sense of the term—i.e., compositions in which the satirical intention dominates and is relentlessly fulfilled. We do not mean that he omits the true satirists; on the contrary, from Dunbar to Dryden, and from Arbuthnot to Thackeray, they are represented in this volume; but the reader must bring some judgment to bear upon the book if he would gain from it a clear view of our satirical literature as a whole.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life. From the Letters of Major W. T. Johnson. Edited by his Widow. (A. D. Innes & Co.)

WHEN Major William T. Johnson was not fighting he was hunting; and this book tells with what zest he did both. The son of a country rector, Major Johnson was born in 1827. Rugby gave him his book-learning, and Dr. Arnold implanted in him the principles and simple faith of a soldier. At

nineteen he was sworn in at the India House, and was soon sending home letters about his new life. In the years 1849-51, young Johnson seems to have had all the sport that he wanted, and he wanted a great deal. He tells in his letters of the hunting of black buck with cheetahs, but he shoots cheetahs in their turn; and glad stories of the deaths of tigers run like a refrain through this book of wars and rebellions. And, somehow, whenever he is looking for pig, Major Johnson finds a panther, or when beating for tigers he describes bears; the variety of his luck is extraordinary.

Young Johnson volunteered for service in the Crimea, and by Lord Raglan was attached to the 20th. He greatly distinguished himself at Inkermann. Mrs. Johnson, with pardonable, but needless, particularity, gives us the official correspondence by which her husband's gallantry was emphasised. His own modest account of the matter would have been enough. Returning to India, there followed him thither the first Crimean medals that entered that country. Outram now asked Johnson to come to him at Calcutta, to look after irregular cavalry. Of course, he went; Outram's invitations were not declined by men of his stamp; besides, in Oude "tigers and pigs were said to be 'walking about like cats.'" But Johnson could not rest in one place. He is soon debating this and that new activity, and he throws in a Persian campaign as if it were a holiday. Then the Mutiny. He sails from Bombay with Wilson and Havelock, and they are shipwrecked off Colombo. These men who court death on the battlefield are nearly drowned like rats. But Johnson sees all the Mutiny fighting he wants, enough to impair even his constitution. His account of Havelock and Outram's first relief of Lucknow is as stirring as a bit of soldier's letter-writing as we wish to read. Illness at Alumbagh prevented him being present at the second relief and taking of Lucknow. From this illness Major Johnson recovered sufficiently to enjoy thirty-three years of happy married life in England, but not to renew his adventurous career. Yet adventures follow such men like dogs, and it is no surprise to read that "on his wedding tour, during the great struggle of Italy, he and his wife witnessed the siege of Gaeta." A book that could be made only in England.

Historical Church Atlas. By Edmund McClure, M.A. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

A GREAT deal of labour and sound scholarship has gone to the making of this atlas. The present distribution of Christian communities presided over by the Church of England throughout the world is clearly indicated. The maps of home dioceses are both interesting and useful. The historical maps will be helpful to every student of Church history and theology, from the first century downwards. They show the relations between secular and ecclesiastical history, and the geographical areas over which the great heresies moved and had sway. A full and informing text accompanies the maps.

THE ACADEMY FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

THE NEWEST FICTION.

A GUIDE FOR NOVEL READERS.

FANTASIAS.

BY GEORGE EGERTON.

The fantasias are six in number, and they are dedicated to Mr. Le Gallienne. The titles are: "The Star Worshipper," "The Elusive Melody," "The Mandrake Venus," "The Futile Quest," "The Kingdom of Dreams," and "The Well of Truth." George Egerton's fantasias do not appreciably differ from the allegories of other writers, except that her satire is more bitter. (John Lane. 156 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MILLS OF GOD.

BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

Mr. Hardy possesses both humour and pathos, and has them under command. His story is of New Englanders, with special reference to Jim, a simple-hearted, devoted, lovable country lad, the victim of rogues. Jim conquers in the end, but he has a very bad time *en route*, and the reader is well harrowed. The earlier part of the book is the racier, though all is good. Here is a scrap of Jim's philosophy: "Durn this church business! What's the good of it? Dad says I ain't, he's positive, one of the 'lect, and so I'm dead certain to git damned. Can't, fur's I see, be much more'n damned! So what's the good of all this bowing and scraping Sundays." (Smith & Elder. 310 pp. 6s.)

STRONG MEN AND TRUE.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Mr. Roberts is well known as a vigorous story-teller, with a taste for hard-bitten heroes and rough life. This book is a collection of sixteen short stories, or, to use a better expression, yarns. Some of the titles: "A Dead Tramp," "In a Wind-jammer," "On a Taut Bowline," "The Affair at Big Springs," "The Gold Mine of Kertch Bar." (Downey & Co. 228 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE MARCHIONESS AGAINST THE COUNTY.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.

A clever, well-written story by the author of *Mr. Blake of Newmarket*. The "Marchioness" is at first only Yvonne Renault, the seventeen-year old daughter of Lord Tunstall's French trainer. Later she is the bright particular star of the Paris music halls. Last, she is Lady Draycott with an imputed "past," and a number of county dames to reckon with. Things come to a head at a bazaar at Portsmouth, where the suspicions, hesitations, and mutual misgivings of the dames are hit off; none daring to take the initiative in snubbing or caressing Yvonne on her entrance:

"Mrs. Raleigh made a slight inclination of her head, with a piteous look on her face and tears in her eyes, as who would say: 'If you win, forgive me for not having bowed deeper; if the other people win, may I be forgiven for having done it all.'"

(Chapman & Hall. 357 pp. 6s.)

THE STATUE IN THE AIR.

BY CAROLINE EATON LE CONTE.

This little book, which is of American extraction, may be allegory or it may be pure fantasy. We know not. But if no American critic applies the native term "high falutin'" to it we shall be surprised. The personages of the story (if it be a story) have Greek names. Sometimes we are reminded of Theocritus badly translated, sometimes of Pater badly imitated, sometimes of *The Shaving of Shagpat* denuded of humour, and continually we have a headache. (Macmillan & Co. 120 pp. 3s. 6d.)

NURSE ADELAIDE.

BY BELTON OTTERBURN.

If Mr. Belton Otterburn would keep to the point and eschew present participles, he might some day produce a business-like story. Already, we observe, one of his books, *Unrelated Twins*, has

reached a second edition. The story before us is of Devonshire, and an old oak bedstead and the money hidden therein, and of the man that stole it. It is interesting, but it might be so much better. By the way, an author wishing to convince his readers ought not to call a public-house "The Bull and Syphon." (Digby & Long. 350 pp. 6s.)

JOHN LEIGHTON, JUN.

BY KATRINA TRASK.

An American novel, and a fairly good one. John Leighton, jun., was an earnest sceptic, a strong, solitary man, a lawyer and a good fellow. In his childhood he had a playmate named Madelaine, whom he loved. Later, when she had become Mrs. Howland Gray, they met again and loved again. But Madelaine was like Werther's Charlotte, and John was honourable too. And then Howland Gray, who was an artist, took to drink; and Madelaine and John had a poignant interview and parted—she to reclaim Howland, and he the world. The book is really more a study of Madelaine's nature than John's. The early chapters, which deal with the children, are excellent; and it is interesting throughout. (Harper & Brothers. 252 pp.)

MY SISTER BARBARA.

BY LADY POORE.

The sub-title of this story is "Passages from the Diary of Diana Russell, kept for the benefit of her Husband, Captain Geoffrey Russell, R.E., during his absence with a Special Commission in Central Asia." Diana and her sister Barbara join their grandmother for the summer at her cottage on Sandbury Common, and begin to make the acquaintance of the country gentry and their families. These do not promise well. The Hodsons and the Durants "did so nearly the same things on Tuesday and Wednesday as on Monday, that unless they were placed under a microscope no difference could be detected." But Diana is a witty observer, and Barbara falls in love; and the reader may expect to enjoy this story of small happenings and small talk. (Downey & Co. 163 pp. 1s.)

THE DEVIL IN A DOMINO.

BY "CHAS. L'EPINE."

The hero of this story is introduced as the son of a scoundre father and a drunken mother. The author seems to have set himself to devise a career for their son which should exemplify the most awful workings of heredity. In this he has succeeded; but only by means too crude for art, and too horrible for enjoyment. Of course he calls it "a realistic study." (Laurence Greening & Co. 128 pp. 1s.)

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS.

BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

Miss Warden made her name with *The House on the Marsh*, that gruesome fantasy; but the reader will find no traces of that book in her new story, *Girls will be Girls*, which is sprightly: not tragedy, but comedy. Indeed, it suggests the stage continually. It tells of love and theft and cross purposes and still more love, and at the end Berkeley marries Tabby. (F. V. White & Co. 296 pp. 6s.)

A FAIR IMPOSTOR.

BY ALAN ST. AUBYN.

A story, by the author of *A Proctor's Wooing*, laid in Exmoor:

"Next came the moor-land,
The moor-land, the moor-land—
Next came the moor-land,
It stretched for many a mile."

The heroine is a wild, free spirit, yet pure and gentle—Celia Carmichael, the daughter of a withered and disappointed rector who had married his housekeeper, a woman of the common folk. Celia combines the native strength of the rural race with the refinement of a higher one. A Princess Bordonne who arrives at Stoke

Edith in her steam-yacht and rents Gallantry Bower (what a capital name for a romantic old house!) plays an important negative part in the story, which abounds in pleasant descriptions of scenery and is commendably free from dialect. (F. V. White & Co. 288 pp. 6s.)

BY FAR EUPHRATES.

BY D. ALCOCK.

We hesitate to call this a "novel"; the author calls it a tale. It is a tale of the Armenian massacres built up carefully on ascertained facts, and written "to strengthen our own faith and quicken our own love." (Hodder & Stoughton. 376 pp.)

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

BY VIOLET TWEEDALE.

It will not profit him much to read this novel, for it is wordy and unreal. If vulgarity was the end striven for the authoress has succeeded well. We are introduced to good society at once—the Squire who can say nothing without "damn," and who at Cambridge "kept the harriers and skipped the chapels"; his wife, the daughter of the Duke of St. Austin's and Lady Augusta Mount-royal; and so on. (Digby & Long. 344 pp. 6s.)

THE MANSLAUGHTER OF DELISHYA!

BY MERRICK O'RELLI.

A skit on Miss Corelli's *The Murder of Delicia*. Belated, vulgar, and wholly superfluous. (The Roxburghe Press. 84 pp. 1s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A SIBERIAN CUB.

We know not who wrote this book, but the present English translation is by M. Léon Golschmann. The original is Russian. The Siberian cub is a bear named Mishook, a most engaging creature, and the story is of its adventures. Mr. Bret Harte's "Baby Sylvester" was not more charming. There are pictures. (Jarrold & Sons. 194 pp. 3s. 6d.)

REVIEWS.

Poor Little Bella. By F. C. Philips.
(Downey & Co.)

Ethel Newcome found it trying to be ticketed "Sold" in the matrimonial market. What would she have said to being hawked about from town to town, like a trinket in a pedlar's bag? That is the plight of *Poor Little Bella*. Her mamma is one of those formidable ladies whom we hear of chiefly as mothers-in-law. She is an "Honourable," and lives up to it as well as she can on a slender income in shabby lodgings in Hampstead. That is to say,

"she breakfasted in bed, rose at ten o'clock, and then took a disdainful stroll to order the day's comestibles and inspect the shelves of the circulating library from which she borrowed her books. The assumption of superiority with which she invariably insulted the tradespeople, who would rather have been spared her petty custom, and the air with which she always repeated 'The Honourable Mrs. Dyce,' though they knew her perfectly, was a sight for the gods. I discovered that once a month or so she informed the landlady she had come to Hampstead to look for a house, and temporarily resigned herself to lodgings because there was not an hotel in the neighbourhood. To corroborate the falsehood, she made a practice, when the woman was in the room, of gazing at the objects that met her view with a faint and wondering smile, as if they were phenomena of nature. 'Any one in my position is bound to be so careful,' she explained to me; 'people think it so strange of me to be here.'"

It is a sore grievance with this lady that her daughter remains unmarried; and there is more scolding, more recrimination, more washing of dirty linen, more violence done to the Fifth Commandment in this book than can easily be found in any other 300 pages of fiction. There is a gleam of hope in the maternal breast when Bella makes the acquaintance of a Mr. Ogilvie during a visit, and he promises to call. But he does not.

"I shall never, if I live to be a hundred, forget my mother's furious reproaches when she realised that Mr. Ogilvie would never come. . . . I was a failure, a bitter failure. I had had plenty of opportunities to make a brilliant marriage. I had stayed in the best houses; she had crippled her income to provide good outfits: I had evidently determined to be a burden upon her all my life, to live in absolute idleness, and develop into a wretched old maid."

So, hearing of a wealthy, middle-aged, and unmarried rector in the country, the Honourable Mrs. Dyce carries off Bella with the intention of capturing the good man by force. She would have succeeded had she not made her plans so badly that the rector overheard them. Then they go to Brighton on a similar quest, where the reappearance of Mr. Ogilvie, in company with his sister-in-law, affords fine opportunity for the dowager's strategy.

"Before I could decide whether to tell my mother or not, Mr. Ogilvie and I were face to face.

He looked conscious, hesitated; and I bowed.

'Oh, how do you do, Miss Dyce?'

'Oh, how are you? Let me introduce you. Mr. Ogilvie—my mother.'

'I am delighted to meet you, Mr. Ogilvie,' she exclaimed. 'I have heard of you from Bella so often.'

'You are very kind,' he murmured; 'at Lady Parminter's I had the pleasure—er. Are you staying down here?'

'Bella has been very ill,' she answered, the gush of her greeting subsiding into sadness. 'She was ordered away. I feared at one time I was going to lose her, Mr. Ogilvie.'

'I am very sorry. There has been a deal of sickness this winter, has there not? Really terrible.'

My mother sighed. 'Bella's illness was inexplicable,' she said. 'It was nothing that was about. The doctors were puzzled to account for it.'

Mr. Ogilvie shuffled; and I wished the Parade would yawn and swallow me."

So they dog the poor man, entangle him in discussions on the ideal wife, and generally behave in a way which, while it would be diverting on the stage, is rather too pronounced to be good form even at Brighton—or Hastings, whither the Honourable lady pursues her quarry. Mr. Philips cannot, we think, be held guiltless of straining his situations beyond the tension proper for a novel. We have match-making mammas in plenty, but surely their manœuvring is more delicate, their hints are less outspoken, their methods savour less of intimidation than those of the Honourable Mrs. Dyce? Of course she fails. As a matter of fact, the desirable Ogilvie turns out in the end to be a married man—so far as the term applies to a man who has married his sister-in-law in Australia—and Poor Little Bella finds an affinity on her own responsibility. The mechanism of the story is clever, though the characters do not entirely convince; and the narrowness of its scope—for the book is, after all, mostly occupied with sordid squabbles between mother and daughter—is something of a handicap. We have had libraries of novels founded on breaches of the Sixth and Seventh Commandments. Mr. Philips seems to have aimed at rescuing the Fifth from the neglect with which writers of fiction have treated it.

* * * *

His Grace of Osmonde. By Frances Hodgson Burnett.
(Warne & Co.)

"There are more forces in this universe than man has so far discovered, and so, not dreaming of them, can neither protect himself against, nor aid them in their workings if he would."

'Tis, as Mrs. Hodgson Burnett might say in her archaic fashion, a clumsy sentence, and begins the twelfth chapter in her new book. Unhappily, it is typical of many that disfigure the volume, but when you have struggled to its meaning you will find in it an explanation of the book's failings and of its worth.

For the author's idealism that created this story has escaped her control: she has been unable to protect herself against its faults, or to aid its workings by her art. The subject of *A Lady of Quality* so fascinated her as to impel her to treat it once again, using the very same persons and plot, and sometimes even the same conversations, as before. Certainly it was a fine subject, and its beauty and interest are enhanced by this addition; yet the author's enthusiasm for it is more likely to increase our esteem for her as a woman than our belief in her as an artist, for it has betrayed her into a multitude of errors. She has forgotten the existence of Realism; her characters all talk alike; she bombards us with accounts of her hero's virtues; will allow him no vices or even human weaknesses; and so overloads him with sentiment that we are inclined to toss her book aside and call for the daily paper.

And then her idealism is for ever trying to sing, so that each page and almost every paragraph bursts into unsuspected blank verse, until the reader can do nothing but listen for the beat of it. This is worse than the clumsiness already quoted; for that, at least, can

be understood, but this mesmerises one's judgment, and leaves the reader as unprotected as was the writer against the force of her ideal.

On the other hand, the unaided workings of enthusiasm have produced in his *Grace of Osmonde* a figure of undeniable beauty. We have so much conscious art now-a-days, so much realistic prying and anatomising, that the sight of something purely ideal and warm from the heart is moving and delightful. All Mrs. Burnett's literary sins may be all but forgiven, for the really fine conception which accompanies them. And yet the pity of it that her ideal man and woman are not more lifelike! His *Grace*, as we see him, is a kind of shadowy King Arthur: and even at that he is so pleasing a figure that it is a shame to find fault. His picture should certainly be acquired by readers, to be placed side by side with that of his wife, a lady of quality.

* * *
A Prince of Mischance. By Tom Gallon.
(Hutchinson & Co.)

The Joy of My Youth. By Claud Nicholson.
(Elkin Mathews.)

We liked Mr. Gallon's *Tatterley* and we like this new story better. A boy and two girls are brought up together in a little West-country village; and to this remote place comes a young foreign prince—washed up in a wreck on the shore. Years afterwards they separate—the two girls, Lucy and Evelyn to marry strangers, and the boy to live a lonely life in London on a bare income. Then the tragic possibility begins to manifest itself. Both the young wives are unhappy in marriage—the one from mere frivolity of nature, the other from a real and abiding sorrow. To the life of the second the Greek prince enters, still bearing the memory of his boyish friendship. But the woman has no love to give, her nature is stripped bare of all but a clinging tenderness for the other boy and the sister who had been her companions in childhood. As soon as she is freed from the blackguard she had married, she flies to her sister's arms, only to find that the prince has followed her, and made her submission to him the price of her sister's salvation. She pays the price and obeys him, but he has put the way of escape into her hands and she kills herself. Some years afterwards he is wrecked a second time on the same shore, and buried by her side in the lonely churchyard.

The plot sounds strange in the telling, but in reality the materials are not new in fiction. The same scenes have been used a thousand times with varying success. It is just this feeling of an imperfect detachment from the common material which we call lack of distinction that forms the one unsatisfactory thing in Mr. Gallon's work. One may object, too, that all the people are conceived in a slightly rhetorical vein, raised, if we may put it so, a power too high to produce the complete effect of reality. The author makes certain of his characters talk in a sort of sentimental blank-verse and scatters the epithets of affection too freely. Evelyn in particular is a "lady who protests too much." But he has the primary fictional qualities, a feeling for the broad aspects of character, and a conception of close narrative ending in the dramatic. The book has interest and power; the work is good, and might easily become very good as the author learns the tricks of his craft. For he has a kindly, shrewd knowledge of life, a real gift for striking incident, and a certain simplicity and directness which gives high promise.

To turn to Mr. Nicholson is to be induced to wildly over-estimate the other's work. To struggle through *The Joy of My Youth* is to set a premium straightway on simple narrative. The book seems—we dare not be dogmatic—to be the record of the doings of an unhealthy freakish child, who grows into a nervous wreck of a man, cuts a few silly antics, and then commits the inevitable suicide. A Greek chorus is supplied by a plaster Virgin and a Siamese Idol, who keep up a running commentary on events. The hero, we are told, "lacked the virile sexuality of a strong man; if he performed, he did so for his own amusement and gave himself pennies, as to a street monkey." He gave lectures where "he bounced to his feet with a frown, added a few unintelligible words, and disappeared with a final shake of his mane of hair." He was also a journalist using MS. books: "red ones (passionate), blue (melancholy), and black ones (lugubrious)." The

whole book is flabby and pretentious, the outlines blurred, the style inconsiderable. A certain easy prettiness in descriptive writing seems the author's one endowment. The thing is a type of much flatulent work which is turned out to-day with desperate facility, where meaningless interjections are made to supply deficiencies, and eccentricity fills the place of merit.

* * *
A Creel of Irish Stories. By Jane Barlow.
(Methuen & Co.)

The name of Jane Barlow appended to a collection of Irish stories commands a welcome from all who know her strong and graphic handling of the incidents of Irish peasant life. The longest tale in the book, *The Key of the Chest*, has charm, but it is sad. Indeed, the stories are almost all pathetic. There is very little of the light-hearted gaiety generally associated with the Celtic character. Even when the narrative is cheerful one is conscious of a background of grey skies and boggy pastures through which stalks the figure of Famine. The key-note of the Irish character as interpreted by Miss Barlow would seem to be strong affection: shown first in the love of kith and kin, and then in a passionate devotion to the "Ould Country." The heroine of the first story, *The Key of the Chest*, belongs to the "quality," but her fate is little happier than that of her peasant neighbours. A little child living in reduced circumstances, her imagination is fired by the old butler's descriptions of the silver that had adorned her old home, where, according to him, "the full moon on a dark night was a joke to the big salvers." Eileen could not question her aunt or her mother on these wonders, for she soon found that any such allusion "was a grave misdemeanour, which made her invalid mother cry, and her melancholy aunt scold." She wanted to know what had become of all those most beautiful silver things that Timothy talked about—the great shining salvers, the claret-jugs, the tankards and flagons, the piles "as high as your head, Miss Eileen," of plates with a polish on them "the stars in the sky might be the better of gettin'," and the grand potato-rings, and the frosted cake-basket, and the tall *up-urny*, which seemed to be a marvellous composition of lights and flowers." The child believes that these splendours have been hidden away for safety, and that they are ultimately to be hers. The story tells of the dream she dreams and of its tragic ending.

* * *
For Prince and People. By E. K. Sanders.
(Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Sanders makes his *début* under good auspices, but we are not impressed by the performance. He writes about men as a lady carefully nurtured in the traditions of Miss Yonge might write, but there is no feminine observation in his brief sketches of women. The book, in short, is a prettily told story of Fieschi and Dorias, very suitable to be bestowed on an intelligent school girl, in whom it might quicken enthusiasm for the romance of Italian history; but the adult reader will find it difficult to be interested in the adventures of Oberto, the nameless youth who goes out to seek his fortune, and finds himself enlisted in the following of Giau Luigi Fiesco. All the series of events which culminates in Oberto's discovery that he is no other than the legitimate heir of Andrea Doria, and his heroic renunciation of all that this implies, is conceived in the spirit of well-worn convention. The last scenes in the book have plainly been written first as a verse drama, and nothing in the world is more exasperating than mutilated blank verse masquerading as prose. Instance:

"Verrina seized him by the shoulder and pulled him forward, forcing him upon his knees beside the body. 'See,' he said, 'I did not stab him; such a death were too honourable. | Mark the cord round his neck, and, see, his hands are tied; surely I am | a proper hangman marred by circumstance! | I was not hasty; no, I was bound to do | my office delicately or not at all. | We met just by the postern, | and in the fervour of my embrace he fell. | The rest was easy; [but] when his hands were bound | and the noose [lightly] pressing on his neck we had | a moment's conversation, he and I.'"

This sort of thing will not do; it is utterly false in key. If Mr. Sanders means to go on with romance of the dagger and phial order, he should go to school to Mr. Stanley Weyman; at present he is not within measurable distance of Mr. Weyman's half-a-dozen imitators.

NURSES OF GREAT BRITAIN

AND



Merit, and Merit alone, has made the Food Beverage, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, a Proved Success, and the remarkable unsolicited evidence from Nurses in all parts of the country, herewith published, supports our statement that its merits have been recognised to an extent hitherto unknown in the history of any preparation. One thing is certain Nothing has ever been discovered that can approach it in giving lightness of heart, joy of life, fleetness of foot, and that general feeling of comfort which only comes from a full capacity to enjoy every pleasure, moral, intellectual, and physical.

THE MOST REMARKABLE TESTIMONY EVER PUBLISHED.

NURSES AND DR. TIBBLES' VI-COCOA.

A REAL PICK-ME-UP.

Nurse F. GEORGE, Devonport Hill, Congleton:
"I have tried Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and think it is a real 'pick-me-up,' and intend to use no other."

GIVES GREAT SATISFACTION.

Nurse WILKINSON, 30, Russell Street, Clitheroe:
"Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa gives every satisfaction, and I shall not fail to recommend it to my friends and patients."

BOTH MEAT AND DRINK.

Nurse WEAVER, The Parsonage, Rickmansworth, Herts:
"My brother has tried Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and thinks it is both meat and drink."

GREAT BENEFIT TO INVALIDS.

Nurse VILLAGE, Linton, near Maidstone:
"I have proved Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa to be of great benefit to invalids, as it is so easily digested."

REFRESHING, STIMULATING, PLEASANT.

Nurse SUNDERLAND, Shewview Villa, Cheam-road, Sutton, Surrey:
"I have tried Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and find it a refreshing, stimulating, and pleasant beverage. I shall have pleasure in recommending it to my friends and relations."

FOR EXCELLENCE.

Nurse GILKES, 11, St. Paul's-square, Southsea:
"I think Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is excellent, and very good for those who suffer from indigestion. This I know practically."

NO PRAISE TOO HIGH.

Nurse SAFFREY, The Cottage, Hoddesden-road, Belvedere, Kent:
"I am pleased to say I think more of the merits of Dr. Tibbles' than even the praise already bestowed upon it."

FOR PHYSICAL AND MENTAL SUFFERING.

Nurse CLARE, "The Laurels," Langley:
"I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, as I find it most beneficial to persons suffering physically and mentally. It is most nutritive and extremely pleasant to take, and I shall strongly recommend it to my patients."

NOURISHING AND STIMULATING.

Nurse HARRINGTON, Coxhoe, Durham:
"Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa possesses good nourishing and stimulating qualities. I shall certainly recommend it to my patients and friends."

INVALUABLE FOR NIGHT DUTY.

Nurse WILCOX, Bradford-street, Birmingham:
"I always take a cup of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa when on night duty."

HIGHLY PLEASED WITH IT.

Nurse ROBERTS, Ryecroft Villa, 20, St. James's Street Southport:
"We are highly pleased with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. I think it possesses good nourishing and stimulating qualities. I shall recommend it to all my patients and friends."

THE BEST EVER TASTED.

Nurse E. BOWEN, 8, Evershot Road, Tollington Park, N.
"I consider Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa the very best cocoa that I have tasted. I find it more refreshing and invigorating than any other. I have been giving it to my patients, and shall certainly recommend it both to my patients and personal friends."

FINDS IT EXCELLENT.

Nurse SCHOFIELD, Rathgar, Dublin:
"I have tested Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa and find it excellent, and will recommend it to my patients and friends."

FOR SICK ROOM AND BREAKFAST TABLE.

Nurse E. BEASLEY, 31, Blenheim Gardens, Reading:
"I wish to say that I have found Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa of great value both in the sick room and on the breakfast table. I use it myself, and can honestly say that it is the most genuine and superior cocoa that can be obtained. I always advise my patients to try it, and when they do they find that it is better and suits their digestion better than any cocoa they have ever tried. I shall always have great pleasure in recommending Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, as I am sure it has no equal."

LIKES IT VERY MUCH.

Nurse SESSIONS, Cottswold House, Cirencester:
"I have tested Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and like it very much. I shall have pleasure in recommending it to all my patients and friends."

REFRESHING AND NUTRITIOUS.

Nurse GUTHRIE, 37, Broadhinton-road, Clapham, S.W.:
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NOTES AND NEWS.

THE following is a fairly close translation of some verses published in the *Paris Gaulois* on the proposal to found an English Academy of Letters. In the spelling of the Swan of Avon's name the translator has followed the French writer:

The dear John Bull we love so well
Would have, he vowed, his *Immortels*,
The same as France,—why shouldn't he?—
No matter what the cost might be.

Our neighbours hunted everywhere
For Forty who deserved a Chair:
And one found Dickens, Byron one,
And still another, Avon's Swan.

So then, to make the Forty even,
Were wanted merely thirty-seven;
Yet, after Byron, Schakespeare was,
They knew, alone the peer of 'Boz.'

A million pounds would John have paid
To see his Forty on parade:

'There's Dickens—1,' reflected he,
'And Byron—2, and Schakespeare—3,
'But they're the best'—he scratched his head—
'And they, confound it all! are dead.

Such is French satire!

HEINE's centenary has prompted four contributions to *Cosmopolis*: a critical retrospect by Prof. Dowden, a fragment of imaginary biography by Mr. I. Zangwill, and estimates of the poet by M. Edouard Rod and Herr Karl Frenzel. Mr. Zangwill's daring experiment (which appears also in the *Atlantic Monthly*) is the most interesting. After steeping himself in Heine's life, works, and letters, and Heine literature generally, the novelist has constructed, under the title "From a Mattress Grave," a scene which we are easily persuaded might actually have happened. Many of Heine's famous sayings are incorporated. It is a brilliant *tour de force*.

FICTION is continually giving Nature hints, of which she avails herself. No sooner is Mr. Wells's Martian story, *The War of the Worlds*, finished, than the report reaches us from America of an aerolite which has been found at Binghamton, New York. According to the story, Prof. Jeremiah McDonald was returning home at an early hour, when there was a blinding flash of light, and an object buried itself in the ground a short distance from his premises. Later it was dug up, and proved to be a mass of whitish metal that had been fused by heat. It was still hot. When cooled and broken open, inside it was found a piece of metal on which were a number of curious marks like written characters.

THE theory is, that the written characters form a message addressed to us from another world, probably Mars. We regret that the projectile fell in a land so prodigal of tall stories as America, but we congratulate Mr. Wells.

INCIDENTALLY we might quote a letter which has some bearing on the question of aerolites, and is also useful in showing what kind of requests sometimes find their way to this office. It is from a gentleman at Haarlem, and runs as follows: "In my possession I have a great meteorolite of a weight of 4 Kilogram and 3 Hectogram, and long about 20 Centimeter heigh about 20 c M and broad about 10 c M, which should be found in Egypte about 1860, and brought with to here by a dokter of the marine. The stone has the utter appearance quite like that wich is found in the renowned Musee of Teyler van der Hulst at Haarlem, only it is about tence (=10) as tall. Because I mean that generally you can say that as a rule meteorolites are not greater than a man's fist, so this stone can have a great value. Therefore I hope to may ask you to tell me if this stone can have a great value and how much, and where I could find a buyer fore that. If you will be so kind to answer in your book so I thank you very much previously." We know not what say in reply.

IN this, the last number of the *New Review* in its present form, its departing editor, Mr. Henley, prints one of his infrequent poems. The form is the quatorzain, with which of late he has been experimenting; the subject, his friend and first school-master, the late T. E. Brown. It is such a tribute as Mr. Brown himself would have liked best:

"IN MEMORIAM.

T. E. B.

(Ob. October 30, 1897).

He looked half-parson and half-skipper: a
quaint,
Beautiful blend, with blue eyes good to see
And old-world whiskers. You found him
cynic, saint,
Salt, humorist, Christian, poet; with a free
Far-glancing, luminous utterance; and a heart
Large as St. Francis's: withal a brain
Stored with experience, letters, fancy, art,
And scored with runes of human joy and pain.

Till six-and-sixty years he used his gift,
His gift unparalleled, of laughter and tears,
And left the world a high-piled golden drift
Of verse: to grow more golden with the years,
Till the Great Silence fallen upon his ways
Breaks into song, and he that had Love
hath Praise."

The poem reminds us a little of Mr. Henley's description of R. L. Stevenson in the sonnet entitled "Apparition." In such portraiture he excels; and we should like more of it.

IN the same number of the *New Review* an anonymous critic writes well of Mr. Brown, from the point of view of a Manxman. It is a good article. To the ordinary reader it will seem to have been suggested by Mr. Brown's death; but as a matter of fact the first draft was completed before that unhappy event occurred.

THE Oxford Union has been debating the question, whether or not the Kailyard School of Fiction is to be condemned. After a brisk engagement, it was decided that the Kailyard School of Fiction is not condemnable. But the Northerners had a very narrow escape; for the majority in their favour was only 2—58 to 56. The leader of the attack was Mr. Buchan, of Brazenose, who began by welcoming Mr. Crockett's recent assertion that golf is the serious business of life; and he ended, says the *Isis*, by making a very striking exposition of the nature of the real Scotland, the romance and the pity of its history, which he placed in strong contrast with the narrow, parochial view of Scottish character spread by these writers. Mr. Ensor, of Balliol, was the principal champion of the Kailyard; but it was the merits of Mr. J. M. Barrie that saved the school.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT, whose small volume of patriotic verse, *Admirals All*, has been received with so much enthusiasm, is a young barrister. A characteristic piece, "Drake's Drum," is quoted in our "Book Reviews Reviewed" column. Mr. Newbolt has also written plays, one of which will be published by Mr. Lane next year.

COLONEL HIGGINSON, continuing his reminiscences in the *Atlantic Monthly*, writes this month of "Literary London Twenty Years Ago." Some of his stories are good reading. This of Darwin it is pleasant to meet with:

"I remember that at my first visit, in 1872, I was telling him of an address before the Philological Society by Dr. Andrew J. Ellis, in which he had quoted from Alice in the *Looking Glass* the description of what were called portmanteau words, into which various meanings were crammed. As I spoke, Mrs. Darwin glided quietly away, got the book, and looked up the passage. 'Read it out, my dear,' said her husband; and as she read the amusing page, he laid his head back and laughed heartily. Here was the man who had revolutionised the science of the world, giving himself wholly to the enjoyment of Alice and her pretty nonsense. Akin to this was his hearty enjoyment of Mark Twain, who then had hardly begun to be regarded as above the

Josh Billings grade of humorist; but Darwin was amazed that I had not read *The Jumping Frog*, and said that he always kept it by his bedside for midnight amusement."

One may share the naturalist's enthusiasm, yet shrink from the task of reading *The Jumping Frog* continually.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, who it may be remembered, in his last essay—on "Civilisation in the United States"—poked some gentle fun at Colonel Higginson, did not much please our visitor. "Arnold seemed to me," Colonel Higginson writes, "personally, as he had always seemed in literature, a keen, but by no means judicial critic, and in no proper sense a poet. That he is held to be such is due, in my judgment, only to the fact that he has represented the passing attitude of mind in many cultivated persons."

WITH Carlyle Colonel Higginson walked from Chelsea to Hyde Park. He gives the following incident:

"At one point on our way some poor children were playing on a bit of rough ground lately included in a park, and they timidly stopped their frolic as we drew near. The oldest boy, looking from one to another of us, selected Carlyle as the least formidable, and said, 'I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?' Carlyle stopped, leaning on his staff, and said in his homeliest accents, 'Yes, my little fellow, ye may r-r-roll at discreation'; upon which the children resumed their play, one little girl repeating his answer audibly, as if in a vain effort to take in the whole meaning of the long word."

Colonel Higginson remarks also that it was noticeable that in Chelsea the passers-by regarded Carlyle with a sort of familiar interest, farther off with undisguised curiosity (such was his attire), and at Hyde Park again with recognition.

THE following story of the late George du Maurier is well found:

"I ventured," says Colonel Higginson, "to put to him the bold question how he could justify himself in representing the English people as so much handsomer than they or any other modern race—as I considerably added—really are. This roused him, as was intended; he took my remark very good-humouredly, and pleaded guilty at once, but said that he pursued this course because it was much pleasanter to draw beauty than ugliness, and, moreover, because it paid better. 'There is Keene,' said he, 'who is one of the greatest artists now living, but people do not like his pictures as well as mine, because he paints people as they really are.'"

THE following stanzas, entitled "A Song of Grief: for William Morris," appear in the *Quartier Latin*, the organ of the American and English art students in Paris. They are signed Gertrude Bartlett:

"He was our best beloved; the dear friend
Who gave his hand in aid with love to each;
Our wisest teacher, who with patient speech
Taught the long road through which our feet should wend.

He was our chief: and with undaunted breast

He led our march along its darkened way;
And when about the hyacinth lights we lay
His golden lyre beguiled our souls to rest."

THE editor of one of the leading American magazines has handed to the editor of the *New York Critic* the following letter from a would-be contributor:

"GENTLEMEN, DEAR SIRs:

"I have enclosed a beautiful peace of poetry, which I would like to sell for what ever you think it worth. It was wrote and composed by myself. I have quite a number of beautiful poetry, this being the first I attempted to send out I hope I may be successful with it. If you don't find it of any value at all Please be so kind and return it to me again you will find enclosed a stamp.

"I am very truly yours. Please address
"Miss _____."

The "peace of poetry," says the *Critic*, was a beautiful one, and has been so esteemed for many years; for it was nothing more nor less than Burns's "To Mary in Heaven," copied in an illiterate handwriting, rechristened "My Darling in Heaven," and otherwise marred by two or three errors in transcription! The editor wrote to the young lady who claimed to have "wrote and composed" it, to ask if she knew that in offering to sell as her own a published poem by someone else she laid herself open to the charge of seeking to obtain money under false pretences. Her answer, if there was one, is not given.

THE *Literary Year Book*, which Mr. George Allen publishes, is in future to be edited by Mr. Joseph Jacobs. The change was necessary, as our review of the first issue made clear. Mr. Jacobs is a capable literary man, qualified to make the annual really representative and useful.

THE *New York Times* has recently begun to publish every Saturday a supplement, consisting of sixteen pages of reviews of literature and art, somewhat on the lines of the weekly literary number of the *Paris Figaro*. The result is bright and readable, but not, we think, quite deserving of the praise contained in the following letter to the editor, printed in the copy which has just reached us. Even an editor who liked flattery, as Colonel Higginson (quoting the late Lord Houghton) says Tennyson did—"unmixed"—would blink at these raptures: "Your last issue, November 20, is the best piece of newspaper work I ever saw. It is the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, the *Temple Bar*, and the *London World* all in one. It is perfectly wonderful."

THE editor of the *Quarterly* has addressed to our contemporary, *Literature*, a letter upon which we cannot congratulate him. The reference is to the review of minor poets in the current number of his periodical, upon which we have already commented. In that review Mr. Alfred Austin is placed last on a list of seventeen. In criticising the article, our young contemporary described this choice of position as "a somewhat

contemptible mode of attack" distinctly "unworthy of a sportsman."

THE editor's letter, which is some seven hundred words in length, does little to mend matters. The last place, he says, is often a place of distinction, and no insult was intended. True; but see what the *Quarterly* reviewer wrote of the gentleman chosen to fill this distinguished place:

"But what, finally, are we to 'say of the Poet Laureate.' We are reminded of a story about Cherubini at a first rehearsal of his pupil's opera. 'Mais, maestro, vous ne dites rien' was Halévy's exclamation at the master's silence. 'Ni vous aussi,' was the dry rejoinder. The fact is, that Mr. Austin has said nothing, though he has said it nicely."

And elsewhere the *Quarterly's* compliment to Mr. Austin is qualified by such a phrase as "constantly insignificant."

AT the meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club on Wednesday, Colonel John Hay, the American Ambassador, made some eloquent and interesting remarks on the Persian poet. We extract a few sentences:

"Could it be possible that in the eleventh century, so far away as Khorassan, so accomplished a man of letters lived, with such distinction, such breadth, such insight, such calm disillusion, such cheerful and joyous despair? Was this Weltschmerz, which we thought a malady of our day, endemic in Persia in 1100? My doubt lasted only till I came upon a literal translation of the Rubaiyat, and I saw that not the least remarkable quality of Fitz-Gerald's poem was its fidelity to the original. Omar sang to a half barbarous province; Fitz-Gerald to the world. Wherever the English speech is spoken or read, the Rubaiyat have taken their place as a classic. There is not a hill-post in India, nor a village in England, where there is not a coterie to whom Omar Khayyam is a familiar friend and a bond of union. I heard him quoted once in one of the most lonely and desolate spots of the high Rockies. We had been camping on the Great Divide, our "roof of the world," where in the space of a few feet you may see two springs, one sending its waters to the Polar solitudes, the other to the eternal Carib summer. One morning at sunrise as we were breaking camp, I was startled to hear one of our party, a frontiersman born, intoning these words of sombre majesty:

"'Tis but a tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of death addressed.
The Sultan rises and the dark Ferrâsh
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest."

I thought that sublime setting of primeval forest and pouring cañon was worthy of the lines; I am sure the dewless, crystalline air never vibrated to strains of more solemn music. Certainly, our poet can never be numbered among the great popular writers of all time. He has told no story; he has never unpacked his heart in public; he has never thrown the reins on the neck of the winged horse, and let his imagination carry him where it listed. But he will hold a place for ever among that limited number who, like Lucretius and Epicurus—without rage or defiance, even without unbecoming mirth—look deep into the tangled mysteries of things; refuse credence to the absurd, and allegiance to arrogant authority; sufficiently conscious of fallibility to be tolerant of all opinions; with a faith too wide for doctrine and a benevolence untrammelled by creed; too wise to be wholly poets, and yet too surely poets to be implacably wise."

SOME
YOUNGER REPUTATIONS.

MRS. HINKSON.

LOVE is her note, earthly and divine. She is all the more tender, all the more certain, in her handling of human affection, since she believes that it has its abiding place on the far side of the grave. The "kindred points of heaven and home" are hers; but they become more than kindred in her heart—they are one. It is this note that she has managed to convey to readers in language singularly expressive of it, and with mastery of a variety of metres. An Irish poet, Katharine Tynan (to call Mrs. Hinkson by her maiden name) began to write at an early age. Her first "note-book" was kept while she was at school, in the North of Ireland, and at seventeen she wrote such verses as those published in 1885 in her first book, *Louise de la Valière*. Succeeding volumes—*Shamrocks*, *Cuckoo Songs*, and *A Lover's Breast-knot*, not to name her contributions to the "Occ Verse" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*—show that Mrs. Hinkson has not forgotten her first love and her high calling, despite temptations to prose authorship. But the Muses are jealous mistresses; men at least find them so; and it has yet to be proved that to their own sex they are less exacting in their demands for an exclusive devotion.

One of Mrs. Hinkson's books is dedicated to Christina Rossetti, to whom, in her religious poetry, she is a close sister. The verses beginning—

"All in the April evening
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep on the mountains,
And I thought of the Lamb of God,"

come to mind. So does the poem called "God's Bird":

"Nay, not Thine eagle, Lord,—
No golden eagle I,
That creep half fainting on the sward,
And have no wings to fly.

Nor yet Thy tender dove,
Meek as Thyself, Thou Lamb!
I would I were the dove, Thy love,
And not the thing I am.

But take me in Thy hand,
To be Thy sparrow, then;
Were two sparrows in Holy Land,
One farthing bought the twain."

Mrs. Hinkson has sung of married love with quiet fervour. She has also, in no trivially sentimental mood, written in verses headed "A Woman," about the unmarried of her own sex. Such a woman

"sees across
The world with a sick sense of loss
A house that none hath builded well,
A heaven wherein she may not dwell."

She hears in fancy—

"Voices of children calling her
Mother, to make her heart-string stir."

And there is a memorable mention of

"that music most forlorn,
Voices of children never born."

About the future of any verse it is vain to prophesy; we can but say of Mrs. Hinkson's that it gives contemporaries a pleasure which they are paternal enough to hope that posterity will share.

MR. RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

MR. LE GALLIENNE has made it a hard task to "place" him accurately. He offers so many extremes that in the endeavour to find their mean we are lost. In his intense wish to be catholic, to leave no experience unplumbed, he has looked at everything—except facts. Facts he will not face. No man of quick sensibilities has such a gift for remaining stationary. His work shows no single sign of progress: sometimes it is better than at others; but the basis is always the same. His poetry is monotonously saccharine; but now and again he has achieved a fine phrase, and often a very happy one. "Autumn," in *English Poems*, is a rich piece of decorative verse, and the elegy on Mr. Stevenson is good and unusually strong. In the paraphrase of Omar Khayyam are many felicitous lines. Indeed, if Mr. Le Gallienne would take time and thought, and be honestly himself, and exercise his critical faculty with severity, he might write more than one poem of beauty. But neither FitzGerald's patience nor individualism is his: he is wholly derivative, and his attitude to poetry is wrong-headed. He cannot comprehend that a man may be both a poet and a sage. The word poet to him connotes licence, not wisdom; suggests not Goethe, not Shakespeare, but Verlaine. Hence he can write thus "On the Morals of Poets" in order to protect his position:

"One says he is immoral, and points out
Warm sin in ruddy specks upon his soul:
Bigot, one folly of the man you flout
Is more to God than thy lean life is whole."

It is almost impossible to criticise seriously a man who holds this view. He compels one to make allowances. And this has been Mr. Gallienne's fortune as a literary man: his readers always have made allowances. To persons who wish to take their authors seriously he has become impossible. But for others of less rigid a view, Mr. Le Gallienne can still be good company. He is the gladdest of the glad. When he likes a thing he likes it with his whole force. His best strength lies in tasting, and he is one of the best tasters that we have—the lineal descendant of Leigh Hunt. By his notes in the *Star* he has done much to revolutionise literary journalism. He has done as much as any one towards the substitution of personal predilection for old-fashioned criticism—no bad exchange from the reader's point of view. He can sip honey from a flower as prettily as a bee, and when engaged in such a task, or in embroidering another man's cloth, he is the pleasantest fellow. In his essays, or Prose Fancies, as he calls them, he can turn a phrase charmingly.

His similes often imply a shining fancy, sometimes real imagination. Now and then his spirits are infectiously gay. But he is pursued by a demon of bizzarerie, and you are always in danger of being tripped up by a luckless fault of taste in the next line. No man is so beset, and no man is so tardy in profiting by experience. Mr. Le Gallienne seems to have started on his career with the conviction that he had nothing to learn, and ever since to have been preserved miraculously from changing his mind. Had he dropped tasting for a while and entered upon a spell of study, he might have qualified himself for sound critical work. But, no; he has persistently played the butterfly, and a butterfly he must, we fear, remain. He is intensely literary: a Tomlinson with the addition of wit and, probably, no desire to enter heaven.

MR. PETT RIDGE.

COMPARISONS are invidious, and we dislike them; but Mr. Pett Ridge has made it impossible to avoid one in any estimate of his talents. It cannot be denied that we owe him to the limitations of Mr. Anstey. The author of *Voces Populi* prefers to find his subjects rather among the middle and upper classes than the masses. Whenever he goes to the masses for them he is excellent, as in the sketches describing a fête night at the Crystal Palace, a drawing-room crush in the Mall, and the row in the pit concerning a hat (one of Mr. Anstey's masterpieces); but his sympathies belong, in the main, to higher strata of society. This circumstance gave Mr. Ridge his opportunity: he has made waggish White-chapel his own, wherever it is found, and it remains his own to this day. As a comic reporter Mr. Ridge is not excelled. He is continually alert for a comic incident—a lover's tiff on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holiday, a contest in sarcasm between errand-boys, a Socialist orator in the Park,—and once the subject is found he is prompt to transfer its saliences to paper. He has none of Mr. Anstey's skill in scenic directions; but in the dialogue proper he keeps as close to life. We should not call Mr. Ridge a humorist: humour is a subtler quality than he can command. Rather is he a disciplined funny man. He has studied writing, and has learned how best to present his material. He has a nice artistic sense, which gives his dialogues their compactness and neatness of form. He knows where to begin and where to end. His comic invention is inexhaustible, and he observes closely. Dickens has no apter pupil, as readers of Mr. Ridge's sketches know. He might write a volume of descriptions of London in 1898: its police courts and law courts; its civic feasts and festivals; its mass meetings and processions; its music halls and theatres; its streets and its vernacular—that some day would be valuable as a piece of social history. Mr. Ridge's eye is photographic. His brain is a storehouse of cockney idiom. He knows exactly what the ordinary East End wag would say in any given situation. He is a treasury of

street gibes and sarcasms. No exclamation used by a Bryant & May's match-girl is unknown to this quiet and amused observer and listener. Hence his dialogues are as accurate as the records of a phonograph, with the advantage of order and selection. Of Mr. Ridge's novels and stories we can only say that they are readable and entertaining. He has the gift of vivacity, and is vigilant never to permit his admirers to be bored. But he is not a novelist. His imagination is too much dominated by the comic for him ever to be a novelist in the full sense of the word. We wish him to continue writing stories and novels, because they are good fun; not because we think some day to find in them a master touch. More still do we want him to continue his dialogues and sketches. As a comic reporter he is most himself. Mr. Ridge seems to prefer a literary vehicle for the presentation of his fun, otherwise we should expect a good farce from his pen. Even better could he write a burlesque of a serious drama. No mind is more prompt than his to transmute an incident to parody.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. AUGUSTE VACQUERIE, in his *Profil et Grimaces*, has produced a sparkling and amusing volume—a little long, with repetitions and unnecessary dissertations and violence, but, in the main, witty and very French. Inimitable little phrases are scattered here and there that recall the old bright day of French letters, and remind us that M. Vacquerie knew Gautier and Mérimée. He tilts against tragedy in some extremely funny pages. "Tragic verse is not excellent for what it is, but for what it is not."

M. Vacquerie's sprightly charge against Scribe and Augier—the bourgeois school of sense—recalls forgotten triumphs. Here, as elsewhere, sympathy is on the side of the amiable lunatics. It is good to encourage an ideal; however false it may be, it is certain to be better than beef and pudding. Besides, it is impossible to love the bourgeois, and the theatre of Scribe and Augier is that of the lovers of shabby order, selfishness, and platitudes. Its success, M. Vacquerie insists, proves nothing. He has even seen masterpieces applauded—but this is rarer. Shakespeare, Molière, Victor Hugo are his serious pre-occupations, and all subjects serve to introduce his gods upon the scene. His gossip about them is always interesting; but the most notable study, which is half profile, half grimace, is that of Alfred de Musset. A little ruthless, but how true! A Musset shorn of his bright and deceptive plumage, in all his poverty of mind and spirit, a feeble, exclamatory, unintellectual Musset, with nothing but his gift of delicate and smiling song to win pardon for his unmanliness and his cheap and boastful airs of reprobate. "He could not even follow his century," says M. Vacquerie, concluding his formidable charge against this poor "child of the

century," this feeble French Byron, who cannot even decently sin without at once apostrophising the shade of Voltaire as responsible for his damnation. To write of Musset commands mention of George Sand, and nobody could do so in more delicate a way than M. Vacquerie. "Let not pity for him (referring to the mournful and lovely *Nuit de Décembre*) prove blame for her. Should she need defence, should her character, visible in all her work, and the immense kindness of her intelligence, not sufficiently demonstrate that she is not one of those whose caprices forge the miseries of man, she has on her side the testimony of this *Nuit*, which accuses her of not being able to 'pardon.'"

His great attacks are against Rachel and the Institute. Rachel lacked initiative and generosity. She only played known works. She was useful to those who did not want her. She dared, after two hundred years, to interpret Corneille, and was excellent only in rôles that other actresses had created. When an author brought her a new play she told him to get Mlle. Judith to play it first. Then she would see. "She helped death against life, and was loved by those who could not love, was the adoration of all hatreds, the admiration of the envious, the religion of Atheists." In all things the reverse of Mme. Dorval, whom M. Vacquerie himself adored. But his attack on the Institute is more deserved. He is stupefied, and not without reason, by the choice of Academicians. Ducal nonentities, after the deaths of Chateaubriand and Vatout, like Noailles and De Saint Priest, whom nobody now remembers, were elected, while Dumas, Balzac, Gautier, George Sand, Lammenais, Michelet, Alphonse Karr, and Beranger lived. The excuse for ignoring Balzac, it appears, was that he was travelling in Russia, and could not pay the prescribed visit to the different Immortels. "When the future will say, 'He has written *Splendeur et Misère des Courtisanes*, *Père Goriot*, and *Parents pauvres*,' the Academy will reply: 'Yes, but he was travelling.' The visits that Balzac did not pay his books paid for him." No form of state institutions finds this amiable knight-errant in the service of liberty respectful. The Théâtre Français he describes as a cemetery, where the dead are at home and resent all noise. It is the inconsolable widow of the past, still weeping over the ashes of the late Racine in an alabaster urn. He concludes with a fine and generous paper on *Les Femmes Savantes*.

"Every form of material art is allowed to women but thought. The pen flies too high for their little hands. Through Chrysale, women are forbidden to write and think, after Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Girardin, and George Sand. And Molière, who is made the accomplice of this brutal prejudice, weeps for it above among the stars, and cannot be consoled for this masterpiece."

Analysing Philamète's "folly," he discovers it to be the greatest of modern ideas—the Institute. Man and woman, he says, are equally chained to earth, with an equal right to look up to the stars, and an equal right to exercise such intelligence as either may possess.

M. Jean Psichari is the son-in-law of Ernest Renan, which is perhaps the reason some people take his impertinence, his silly and intolerable fatuity, his literary affectations seriously, and salute him poet and writer. That he himself takes himself as one of the literary figures of the age is incontestable. He much resembles Mr. Oscar Wilde in the day of his triumph, without Mr. Oscar Wilde's undeniable gifts, without his art and his wit. *Le Rêve de Yanniri* is a work of weak and insufferable affectation, discursive, pretentious, and impertinent. One of its annoying mannerisms is the constant repetition of words, ideas, similes, and apostrophes. *O sancta simplicitas!* What a leap from these would-be classical scribblers, who assure us solemnly on every page, as M. Psichari does, that they are great men, men of genius, in explanation of their exasperating literary vices, who so fatuously strut through their own absolutely unimportant and insignificant pages, what a leap to genius itself, or even first-rate talent.

One grows to understand why the French write no stories for the unhappy young girl; any attempt to do so is sure to be a dismal failure. *L'Inutile Amour*, by Georges Hery, is innocuous matter, guaranteed for the schoolroom, but, alas! not calculated to inspire maiden readers with enthusiasm or gratitude. It is exceedingly dull stuff, without even a spark of modern vulgarity to enliven it. Such books can hardly be described as a grateful change from pornography.

H. L.

BOOKSELLING AND BOOKBUYING.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S VIEW.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER once had a plan by which he thought the distribution of books from publisher to public might be simplified. This plan requires the co-operation of the Post Office, and hence Mr. Spencer broached it, in the first instance, to Mr. Fawcett, as Postmaster-General. His letter to Mr. Fawcett was dated June 5, 1852; and now, after the lapse of forty-five years, it is republished as one of the items forming a slim volume of Mr. Spencer's shorter writings, entitled *Various Fragments* (Williams & Norgate). Mr. Spencer's plan of book-selling thus revived has an obvious and, we may add, an amusing, timeliness.

Briefly stated, the Spencerian book-selling is this. You want a book. To obtain it you drop into a convenient post-office, and write on the face of a postcard the address of the publisher who advertises the work. On the back of the card you write your order, leaving as much blank space as possible. You then purchase stamps to the amount of the price of the book. If the book costs 8s. 6d., you buy eight shilling stamps and a sixpenny one, and you affix these stamps to your card. Then you post your card. The developments will be these. Your postcard, freighted with eight and sixpence, will duly arrive at the publisher's, with, say, a hundred others, similarly coated with stamps. The publisher

will count your stamps and forward your book. (Mr. Spencer sees piles of your books wrapped, ready for instant despatch.) The other people's postcards will be dealt with in the same way; and then a junior clerk will stamp each card with the official signature of the firm (to show it has reached its proper destination), and forthwith will take the batch of postcards to the nearest post-office and cash them. You comprehend? That is the Spencerian bookselling.

You see what it means. The earth-born beetle is not more silently smothered under the casual foot than is the bookseller (a family man) under Mr. Spencer's rain of postcards. Compare this with the report of the Committee of the Society of Authors, who have just put forward seven suggestions for helping lame booksellers over stiles! Under what "principle of sociology" Mr. Spencer devised the annihilation of the bookseller we do not know; but it was thus, in part, that he justified his plan to Mr. Fawcett:

"The present system of distribution through wholesale houses and retail booksellers is an absurd anachronism. . . . Fully forty per cent. of the published price of every book now goes to cover the cost of portage—the cost of transferring the book from the publisher to the reader. This 40 per cent. by no means represents the entire enhancement of the published price of the book. Prices of books would be lowered by much more than 40 per cent. if this existing system could be replaced in the way I have described. As you know better than I do, it is a familiar truth, especially to economists, that any tax on a commodity raises its price by more than the amount of the tax; and this holds very obviously in the present case. Let the 40 per cent. be deducted from the advertised prices of books, and immediately the demand for them becomes immensely greater, probably double. The demand being doubled makes it possible to obtain an adequate return with a smaller profit on each copy to author and publisher, and, therefore, prompts a still further reduction in the price, and this again a still further distribution, acting and reacting. So that I do not doubt that the prices of books would, by the adoption of this system, be lowered by one half."

You see that much would be achieved by Mr. Spencer's plan; yet are you surprised that Mr. Fawcett declined to put it into operation? It simplified book-buying certainly, but it imperilled the State. It may come, but not yet.

A FAMOUS SATIRE.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. were most happily inspired when they decided to reprint Matthew Arnold's delightfully amusing series of letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which he afterwards collected and reprinted under the title of *Friendship's Garland*. Time passes so rapidly, and generations succeed one another so fast in the world of letters, that there will probably be not a few people in the present day who have never even heard of these letters, or made acquaintance with the delightful Arminius, Baron von Thunder-Ten-Tronkh, and Adolescents Leo, Esq., of the *Daily Telegraph*. The letters appeared in the *Pall*

Mall between the years 1866 and 1870, and in them Matthew Arnold, under the pretence of defending his Philistine and barbarian countrymen from the scoffs and sneers of an imaginary Teutonic critic, contrives to poke fun at our national foibles and vices in a highly entertaining manner.

"India," said a certain Viceroy, "is a cloud with a depreciated silver lining." The Philistine cloud has its silver lining too, and the silver, such as it is, may well be taken thankfully. At the same time it is amusing to note the passages in these letters of a quarter of a century ago which so aptly apply to our present failings. In some cases the very same measures which were being debated in 1866-1870 are being debated still. "The great sexual insurrection of the Anglo-Teutonic race" of those days has found an echo in these later times. Here is Adolescents Leo, Esq. (of the *Daily Telegraph*), on the subject of another vexed question which survives to this day—the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill:

"We have established, I hope, that no man may presume to call Bottles profligate for marrying either his sister-in-law Hannah or his niece Mary Jane. But this is not enough. A complication, like the complications of Greek tragedy, suggests itself to my mind. You noticed Mr. Job Bottles. You must have seen his gaze resting on Mary Jane. But what with his cigars, his claret, his camellias, and the state of the money-market, Mr. Job Bottles is not a marrying man just at this moment. His brother is; but his brother cannot last for ever. Job, on the other hand, is full of vigour and vitality. We have heard of the patience of Job; how natural, if his brother marries Mary Jane now, that Job, with his habits tempered, his view of life calmed, and the state of the money-market different, may wish, when she is a widow some five years hence, to marry her himself. And we have arrangements which make this illegal! . . . For my part my resolve is formed. This great question shall henceforth be seriously taken up in Fleet-street. As a sop to those toothless old Cerberuses, the Bishops, who impotently exhibit still the passions, as Nick's French friends say, of another age, we will accord the continuance of the prohibition which forbids a man to marry his grandmother."

Poor Nick, also of the *Daily Telegraph*, is pulled up short by the suggestion that there is a want of "Delicacy" about such promiscuities. "Delicacy," he murmurs,

"delicacy—surely I have heard that word before! Yes, in other days, in my fresh enthusiastic youth; before I knew Sala, before I wrote for that infernal paper, before I called (Hepworth) Dixon's style 'lithe and sinewy.'"

But the irony of Leo's whole letter is admirable. There is a very interesting letter of Arminius in which the effect of our parliamentary system in weakening our foreign policy is derisively pointed out, which might well be taken to heart by the Englishmen of to-day. What foreign statesman, he asks, can deal seriously and respectfully with England

"when he finds that he is not dealing mind to mind with an intelligent equal, but that he is dealing with a tumult of likes and dislikes, hopes, panics, intrigues, stock jobbing, quidnuncs, newspapers—dealing with ignorance, in short, for that word contains it all—behind his intelligent equal? Whatever he says to a

British minister, however convincing he may be, a foreign statesman knows that he has only half his hearer's attention, that only one of the minister's eyes is turned his way; the other eye is turned anxiously back on the home Philistines and the home press, and according as these finally go the British minister must go too. This sort of thing demoralises your ministers themselves in the end, even your able and honest ones, and makes them impossible to deal with. . . . Your Philistines had a passion for that old acrobat Lord Palmerston, who, clever as he was, had an aristocrat's inaptitude for ideas, and believed in upholding and renovating the Grand Turk; Lord Aberdeen knew better, but his eye was nervously fixed on the British Philistine and the British press."

One wonders what Arminius would have thought of Crete and the Concert of Europe and how he would have stigmatised the "Hundred Members" and their relations with Greece.

The letters are full of passages of admirable irony. Here is one:

"Sala, like us his disciples, has studied in the book of the world even more than in the world of books. But his career and genius have given him somehow the secret of a literary mixture novel and fascinating in the last degree; he blends the airy epicureanism of the salons of Augustus with the full-bodied gaiety of our English Cider-cellar. With our people and country, *mon cher*, this mixture, you may rely on it, is now the very thing to go down; there arises every day a larger public for it; and we, Sala's disciples, may be trusted not willingly to let it die."

Arminius' *mot* about the Atlantic cable is worth quoting, if only as an epigram—"that great rope, with a Philistine at each end of it talking inutilities!"

Here is a criticism of Our Noble Selves in regard to Foreign Policy.

"The faults with which foreigners reproach us in the matters named—rash engagement, intemperate threatening, undignified retreat, ill-timed cordiality—are not the faults of an aristocracy, by nature in such concerns prudent, reticent, dignified, sensitive on the point of honour; they are rather the faults of a rich middle class—testy, absolute, ill-acquainted with foreign matters, a little ignoble, very dull to perceive when it is making itself ridiculous."

We have no space to quote further from a book which all lovers of good sense and good literature will read for themselves.

JUBILATION.*

THIS reprint of articles in which the *Daily Chronicle* sang its pæan to the longest reign is useful in its matter, hideous as to appearance. Mr. Heinemann, the publisher of *Sixty Years of Empire*, informs us that he found one or two of the original illustrations so unsatisfactory that he replaced them with others, and the process ought to have been carried further. Nearly all the portraits of statesmen and writers, and several of those of actors, are mere disfigurements. On the other hand, Mr. Pennell's review of art is enriched with several excellently chosen and most interesting portraits. The diagrams, too, are all that could be desired—clever,

* *Sixty Years of Empire, 1837-1897*. (Heinemann.)

ingenious, and vivid; but the mixture of good and bad combines into a disagreeable and grotesque book.

Nor can we say more for the text. Some of the contributions could scarcely have been improved upon—notably Mr. Pennell's article already alluded to, Mr. Macnamara's on Education, Mr. Johnson's on Literature, and Sir Charles Dilke's on Greater Britain; but they want that unity of aim which can only be worked into a bundle of independent essays by very vigorous editorship. And some of the writers fail to do themselves justice. In thirty pages it was not possible for Mr. Russell to review satisfactorily all the strange and contrasting great men who have served the Queen as Prime Ministers—Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Rosebery, Salisbury: a Plutarch could not have rendered these rich and diverse characters in an average of three pages each. More lightly still does Mr. Harold Spender skim the parliamentary history of the time. These papers were well enough in their original place, but they will not stand leisurely reading in a book. Mr. A. B. Walkley's article on the stage falls into an opposite fault—it suffers from over-conscientiousness, and from a tendency to accent the trivial and non-essential: a lack of breadth. To do that sort of work a certain detachment and feeling of distance, the disinterested onlooker's point of view, are necessary. A soldier who has been fighting all the time could not describe a battle, and Mr. Walkley often cannot see wood for trees. Mr. John Burns suffers from a similar disadvantage. He writes "Labour's Retrospect" like a general reviewing a campaign; but surely labour has more to look back upon than a sixty years' war. It has a wide extension of its field; it has emerged from the idle enchantment described by Carlyle into fuller activity; it has made progress in the way of becoming better fed, better housed, and better clothed; it has even found a little time to cultivate taste. Mr. Burns ought to have realised for us a picture of, say, Lancashire in 1837 and in 1897. He not only lacks breadth of view, but his stilted and affected written style is in marked contrast to the manly, Saxon vigour of his speech—a curious proof that to excel on the platform is a different matter from writing well.

The "wholesome mediocrity" of most of the papers invites no comment; but Mr. Lionel Johnson's contribution deserves a word. His is not a scrappy collection of facts, but a real essay, a series of observations strung together on a vein of thought. The keynote may be found in the following passage:

"Macaulay's glitter is not a glory, but he lives by it, and deserves to live; yet of the old Victorian writers there is none who more completely exemplifies the spirit which the last thirty years have exorcised and banished. A sea has burst these orderly Dutch dykes, bringing with it mystery, romance, music, a sense of awe, thrills of anticipation felt upon every ride of life and thought; its surges roll through the later chaunts of Tennyson. Our philosophy and poetry, our methods and ideals in fiction, our critical and historical manners 'have suffered a sea-change.'"

He works out the idea in a most interesting manner, but is not quite so happy in his judgment of individuals. Such hard, cut-and-dry, inelastic expressions as make up our next quotation are rather in the style of a University Extensionist, who would go all wrong but for his labels: "Carlyle wrote the most imaginative prose, Ruskin the most eloquent, Newman the most pure; and each could strike at will with absolute success any note in the scale of emotion."

No doubt Mr. Johnson lost himself in his thesis, and concentrating himself on a highly suggestive general view, half forgot about the details. We cannot help thinking, however, that his argument would have gained in strength by a more frugal use of superlatives, and a nicer discrimination between the writers. Were they all as great and splendid as he describes them, then the Victorian age would be more illustrious than the Periclean, Augustan, Elizabethan, or any other. We know that it is not. Much that excites his admiration is dead or moribund already; much else is kept in life only by the survivors of an elder generation, and it is obvious that time is fast reducing the bulk of what promised to be imperishable. Mr. Johnson slightly reminds us of a sanguine merchant who, on taking stock, ranks his bad debts with his good, and rejoices over a sum-total that in reality is fictitious.

THE BOOK MARKET.

THREE TALKS ON THE DISCOUNT QUESTION.

AN AUTHOR IMPRESSES ME.

EVERYONE who has read the report of the Committee of the Society of Authors on the Book Discount question must have been struck by its fulness, and by the evidence it gives of long and patient inquiry. A more curious thing is that it lays hardly any stress on the author's own interests. It is not, as it might have been, an expansion of—"This will suit our pockets, and this won't." It is a comprehensive survey of the whole subject. I could not help remarking this to Mr. Henry Norman, upon whom I called with a view to gaining a little more light on the Report. Mr. Norman sat upon the Committee, and he has all the issues at his finger ends. "You don't appear," I said, "to have approached the matter from the point of view of the author's self-interest. Why have you been so needlessly unselfish?"

Mr. Norman smiled, and said: "I can understand your question, and I can also answer it very easily. The Authors' Society exists to inquire into all the relations and circumstances of authorship. You are surprised to find us entering so deeply into the relations between publishers and booksellers, into the differences between town and country booksellers, into remedial measures for bad trade, and so forth. But these are relations and circumstances of authorship, and we are dealing with them pretty much all the

year round. Moreover, we hold that the authors have nothing to desire except a healthy state of the book-trade. Their interests are there, and nowhere else; and therefore, in approaching this subject of discount we have taken the entire subject into our consideration and reported accordingly. We have held a great many meetings, some of them three hours long; and I do not remember that a question of the author's pocket interest was ever directly raised."

"You even encourage booksellers to print non-copyright books themselves, and so increase the volume and the profits on old books. Is not that rather rash? Must there not always be a certain competition between dead and living authors; and if so, why do you encourage these resurrections to your own hurt?"

"There can be no hurt. The more people read old books the more will they read new ones. It is with book-buying as with book-selling. Only let us have plenty of both, and we authors can have nothing to complain about."

"On the same principle you advise country booksellers to take up with second-hand books?"

"Certainly; it will help them and us."

"Well, now, Mr. Norman, do you think you have killed Cock Robin by your Report?"

"That I cannot say. You are aware, however, that the publishers declared that the consent of the Authors' Society would be necessary before the change from a 3d. to a 2d. discount could be enforced. That consent, as you know, has been withheld—nay, the change has been condemned. We think it impossible of realisation, and undesirable if realised."

"I see that in one clause of the Report you do express the belief that 'the independence of the author would be seriously compromised by the existence of a close ring of publishers and booksellers, who might as easily dictate to him a royalty of 5 per cent. as to the bookseller a 2d. discount.' You think there is ground to fear the one coercion if the other were allowed?"

"Certainly. Coercion in one place would mean coercion all round." Here I left Mr. Norman. There was no more to be said; the Authors have made up their minds.

A BOOKSELLER SURPRISES ME.

"WHAT of the discount question?" I said to Mr. —. "Unburden your mind."

"Can't."

"Why?"

"Busiest moment: I'm banking money!"

"I suppose you are tired of this discount wrangle?"

"Tired, no; not yet. But there's nothing to tell you."

"Oh, come!"

"I tell you there is nothing. The Publishers are now sitting in council, and they will write us a letter. We shall do no more than acknowledge it before Christmas."

"Meanwhile, you will go on banking money?"

"Precisely. But look here: shall I tell you the whole truth?"

"You might as well."

"Well, it will have to come out. The fact is, it is all a delusion to suppose that the real demand of the agitating book-sellers is for a 2d. discount. Their first demand was for better terms from the publishers on expensive books—in fact, we want the high-class trade to be made more profitable as compared with the rough-and-tumble-3d.-in-the-shilling-all-round-box-at-the-door trade. Do you see?"

"Then why don't you say so?"

"Well, we did say so; and the publishers said 'No; you had better go on the tack of restoring the 2d. discount'; and so we went on that tack, and here we are."

"Mr.—, you are a large and responsible bookseller, and you have identified yourself with the agitation for a 2d. discount. Do you now mean to tell me that you would waive a 2d. discount to-morrow if instead of it you could have better terms on the higher class books from publishers?"

"Yes, I mean that."

"Then good morning. You have enlightened me; I will not further interrupt your banking operations, which I am glad are arduous."

W. W.

A PUBLISHER Baffles MR.

HE was very nice about it; but, leaning his elbow on his desk, he said: "I am going to a meeting of the Council of the Publishers' Association to-night, and, of course, I can give you no official statement until that meeting has rendered it possible."

"Would you say, however, in your private capacity, that the Authors' report is about as strong as it could be, and is, for the time being, a serious set-back to the proposed reduction of discount from 3d. to 2d. Would you say that?"

"In my private capacity I will say this: I think the authors have taken on themselves a great responsibility, and I sincerely hope that they may not have to repent it."

"Their report struck me as unexpectedly general in its scope."

"Yes. They entered into questions which I venture to think they do not fully understand."

A FAULTY AGREEMENT.

THE *Author* is great at figures and loves to marshal them in illustration of "hard cases." In its December issue (which gained first-class importance by its exclusive article for the Report of the Committee of the Society of Authors on the discount question) the following publisher's offer is analysed. We do not quite gather whether the offer is a real one; but it is certainly not wildly improbable; and transactions of the kind are still so common that we recommend any author who contemplates paying for the publishing of a book to study the figures of this offer step by step.

"A young writer has a MS. which he thinks likely to attract attention. He offers it to

a certain firm; he receives the following proposal:

1. He is to pay down in advance £110.
2. The publishers will produce an edition of 1,500 copies free of cost to the author.
3. After 100 copies have been sold they will pay the author 2s. 6d. a copy royalty.

Let us see how this works out.

- (1) On the sale of 500:

	£	s.	£	s.
Cost of production, say	100	0		
Royalty on 400 at 2s. 6d.		50	0	
Profit to publisher.....	47	0		
			197	10
By the author	110	0		
Sale of 500 at 3s. 6d....	87	10		
			197	10

- (2) On the sale of 1,000:

Cost of production.....	100	0		
Royalty on 900 at 2s. 6d.		112	10	
Profit to publisher.....		72	10	
			285	0
By the author.....	110	0		
By sales, 1,000 at 3s. 6d.		175	0	
			285	0

- (3) On the sale of 1,500 copies:

Cost of production.....	100	0		
Royalty to author on 1,400 copies.....		175	10	
Profit to publisher.....		97	0	
			372	10
By author	110	0		
Sale of 1,500 at 3s. 6d....		262	10	
			372	10

So that the author by 500 copies loses	£	s.
" 1,000 " gains	60	0
" 1,500 " "	65	10
The publisher by 500 " "	47	10
" 1,000 " "	72	10
" 1,500 " "	97	0

Very likely the new writer accepted the proposal because he wanted his work to appear. Yet, you see, the publisher, who is completely covered from risk, gains £72 10s. on a thousand copies, and the author £2 10s!

The fault of the agreement is that the royalty is paid by the publisher to the author instead of by the author to the publisher."

THE WEEK.

A RECENTLY published selection from the poetical works of James Clarence Mangan did much to revive interest in that unhappy Dublin poet. An attempt is now made by Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue to deal exhaustively with *The Life and Writings of James Clarence Mangan*. Mangan seems already to have slipped greatly out of sight. Few people live who knew him, and, says Mr. O'Donoghue, "strictly speaking, there is no authentic likeness of Mangan. Various sketches are in existence, but they are all deductions—distant enough, for the most part—of Burton's fine drawing of the poet as he lay in death." Nor were Mangan's letters many. Such as there are have been made to strictly serve the narrative, Mr. O'Donoghue having adopted the plan of weaving extracts from them into his own text. Mr. O'Donoghue adds:

"In the case of Mangan, the absence or non-existence of many letters is less to be regretted, in view of the most interesting

personal touches so constantly introduced into his published, but generally unknown, articles and other writings—charming confidences, which have been fully availed of here. If it should be thought that too free a use has been made of that part of Mangan's work which is personally illustrative, it may be urged that in reality, when the enormous fertility of Mangan is concerned, only an infinitesimal portion has been laid under contribution."

It will be seen that the book promises to be a medley of text quotations and letters; and this, in fact, is its aspect.

In a preface to *The Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*, Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives the history of this belated work:

"The Life of Cardinal Wiseman had been twice in preparation before the present work was written. Cardinal Manning collected materials for it in 1865, immediately after Wiseman's death. The Biography, however, was never actually begun until the late Father Morris, S.J., undertook it in 1893.

After Father Morris's death, Cardinal Vaughan asked me to write the Life, placing at my disposal the correspondence and other documents collected by Cardinal Manning and Father Morris. Cardinal Vaughan has, however, left me quite free in regard to the views incidentally expressed in the Biography, and has given me equal freedom in selecting from the documents for the purpose of publication."

Mr. Ward's work is contained in two very thick octavo volumes, numbering more than 1,200 pages. Each volume has a portrait of Wiseman as its frontispiece.

Shakespeare's moral teaching, and such indications of his religious feelings as his works can be supposed to afford, are collected in a little book, entitled *The Light of Shakespeare*, by Clare Langton. Some people object strongly to books of extracts, but when they are compiled, as this one is, with intelligence, they have their uses. Many a stabbing thought may be brought for the first time to the mind by Miss Langton's book. Such an exclamation as this:

"Even through the hollow eyes of death
I spy life peering,"

is justifiably wrested from its context if it can by this means be brought to the more general knowledge.

An interesting arrival of the week is *Chambers's Biographical Dictionary*, a half-guinea work of reference that is likely to be popular. The preface seems to break the traditions of formality which we associate with such works; it is, for want of a better word, quite chirpy, not to say flippant. Thus:

"The world's Upper Ten Thousand, these mainly; still, the lower, even the lowest, have not been wholly neglected. For we include assassins like Abd-ul-Hamid and Ravaahol, knaves like Arthur Orton and Jabez Balfour, madmen like Herodotus and Nietzsche, impostors like Joseph Smith and Madame Blavatsky, traitors like Pickle the Spy and Benedict Arnold, tagrag and bobtail—every other page offers examples."

Whether these inclusions, these epithets, and this tone are happy, we do not now decide; but, obviously this is a new kind of preface to a biographical dictionary.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- THE DEVOTIONS OF BISHOP ANDREWES. By Rev. Henry Veale. Elliot Stock.
 THE NOCTURNAL CHRIST. By S. H. Playfair. W. H. White & Co.
 CREED AND LIFE. By Rev. C. E. Beeby, B.D. John Wright & Co. (Beverley).
 VOICES OF THE DAY; OR, THOUGHTS ON THE MESSAGE OF GOD IN NATURE. By C. S. Wardle. Elliot Stock.
 VILLAGE SERMONS. By the late R. W. Church. Third series. Macmillan & Co. 6s.
 THE ANGLICAN ORDINAL. By Blomfield Jackson, M.A. S.P.C.K.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- THE STORY OF THE CHURCH OF EGYPT. By E. L. Butcher. 2 vols. Smith, Elder & Co.
 BUILDERS OF GREAT BRITAIN: SIR THOMAS MATTHEW. By Walter Frouwen Lord. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
 THE PUPILS OF PETER THE GREAT. By R. Nisbet Bain. A Constable & Co. 15s.
 THE HONOURABLE JAMES THOMSON, LIEUT.-GOVERNOR N.-W.P. INDIA. By Sir William Muir. T. & T. Clark. 2s.
 THE LIFE OF JOHN NICHOLSON. By Captain Lionel J. Trotter. John Murray.
 LIFE AND LETTERS OF DEAN BUTLER. Macmillan & Co. 12s. 6d.
 CHAMBERS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY. Edited by David Patrick and Francis Hides Groome. W. & R. Chambers. 10s. 6d.
 BORDER RAIDS AND RIVERS. By Robert Borland. Thomas Fraser (Dalbeattie).
 SOME CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN NEW ENGLAND COLONY AND THE NEW ENGLAND COMPANY IN LONDON, 1667-1712, &c. Elliot Stock.
 A CHILD'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.
 WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: THE STORY OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Evan J. Outhbertson. W. & R. Chambers. 1s.
 STORIES OF THE NATIONS: MODERN FRANCE, 1789-1896. By André Lebou. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s.
 OLD VIRGINIA AND HER NEIGHBOURS. By John Fiske. Macmillan & Co. 10s.
 INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY: AN HISTORICAL SKETCH. By General Sir John Adye. Smith, Elder & Co. 3s. 6d.
 THE TRIAL OF LORD COCHRANE BEFORE LORD ELLENBOROUGH. By J. B. Atlay, M.A. Smith, Elder & Co. 18s.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- VARIOUS FRAGMENTS. By Herbert Spencer. Williams & Norgate. 4s.
 THE LEPIDOPTERA OF THE BRITISH ISLANDS. By Charles G. Barrett. Vol. IV. L. Reeve & Co.
 POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.
 J. F. MILLET AND RUSTIC ART. By Henry Nalgely. Elliot Stock.
 PICKWICKIAN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS. By Percy Fitzgerald.
 THE HOUSES OF SIN. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Leonard Smithers.
 PAN: A COLLECTION OF LYRICAL POEMS. By Rose Haig Thomas. Bliss, Sands & Co.
 POEMS OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN. By Sir George Douglas, Bart. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d.
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D R A M A.

UNQUESTIONABLY our small band of practical playwrights has found a recruit of great promise in Mr. L. N. Parker, one who probably carries the marshal's baton in his knapsack. Mr. Parker has been working at plays for some years past in collaboration, but his recent achievements single-handed—"The Vagabond King" and "The Happy Life"—reveal him as a born dramatist of marked originality and resource who, unlike the new school, recognises that a play must be something more shapely and artistic than a crude slice of real life. The stage has been suffering of late years from an attack of realism in a more or less veiled form. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero have been holding up the mirror to nature as it exists around them, but their mirror has reflected chiefly the turpitudes and the meannesses of society. It has not caught the glow of romance or the bit of blue sky which occasionally relieves even the drab of Fig Tree Court where Mr. Parker has laid the scene of his latest story. With the prose of life Mr. Parker has evidently no great sympathy, though he recognises that it is the language of the masses. We get that too in "The Happy Life"; but there is also a welcome infusion of poetry, not the highest, not the poetry of Shakespeare or Goethe, but, let us say, that of Dickens. The author with whom Mr. Parker chiefly courts comparison is Mr. R. C. Carton. They are not alike, but they have much in common these two, and with the efforts of both to call attention to the flower by the wayside in preference to the weed I confess myself much in sympathy.

"THE HAPPY LIFE" has for its basis a saying which I do not remember to have met with before, but which Mr. Parker puts into the mouth of a Polish count as representing a superstition of his countrymen—namely, that whenever a man is too happy there comes to his door a Figure bringing the unexpected gift: "To the merry, sorrow; to the idle, toil; to the unambitious, a great task." It is to the door of Cyril Charteris, a young American of easy means, living in the Temple with his books and his *bric-à-brac*, secluded from all female society, that the Figure of the legend comes. A more unlikely visitor there could hardly be, especially in the circumstances in which Cyril is discovered; for he is dining his father and a few friends in his cosy chambers on Christmas Eve, and hugging more closely than ever his plan of life, which is to lie in his boat in the backwater watching with a pitying smile the misguided mortals who are wearing themselves out in an effort to paddle up-stream. The "creepy" Polish legend has sent a temporary shudder through the company, but they laugh it off, and the general opinion is that if the Figure should be ill-advised enough to come with its unexpected gift, Cyril Charteris would politely bow it out. Presently the company disperse, though not until their conversation has placed us *au courant* of the situation. Among Cyril's friends are the Polish count

(*que diable fait-il dans cette galère?*), "Jimmy," a young stockbroker, living in a shabby-genteel lodging-house, with "musical society" in the shape of two young ladies, with one of whom the young City man supposes himself in love, while to the other the Prince, we learn, pays his addresses, apparently with what M. Paileron calls *l'autre motif*. As a neighbour in the Temple Cyril has a young fellow named Vivian Pettigrew-Smith. With only such indications of the story are we supplied when the company retire, leaving Cyril to his books and his self-satisfaction. It is a snowy night, and, it being Christmas Eve, the Temple is empty. What about the Figure?

HARDLY has Cyril settled down in his armchair with his book and his reading-lamp when a woman's cry of distress is heard on the dark stairs outside, and, opening the door in alarm, our sybaritic hero discovers, lying unconscious on the landing, a beautiful girl in evening dress. The Figure at last! With what gift? As a believer in the "made" play Mr. Parker is scrupulous, perhaps too scrupulous, to bring down his curtain upon a tableau. The arrival of the Figure is the end of the first act. For a knowledge of its purpose we have to wait. Cyril is merry enough, idle enough, and unambitious enough. The Figure might bring him the remedy for any one of the three moods. In point of fact it brings him sorrow, toil, and a great task all combined, albeit more through his own fault than that of circumstances. The young lady is Vivian's sister, who had made an appointment with her brother to meet him at his chambers and go to the theatre—an appointment which this precious cad has neglected to keep, with the result that after vainly waiting she has fallen down the stairs in the dark, and been rescued by Cyril Charteris in the manner described. On Christmas morning, after spending the night unconscious in the armchair in Cyril's rooms, Evelyn is brought home by her faithful cavalier to her squalidly respectable home, the genteel lodging-house.

WHAT then? In real life we know what would happen. A few words of explanation would set matters right. Cyril Charteris would be thanked for his courtesy, and if he took an interest in his *protégée*, as he probably would, and cared to rescue her once more from her depressing surroundings, he would ask her to be his wife. This is not Mr. Parker's way of doing things. He remembers that he is writing a play, and he forces the note, needlessly and, indeed, inartistically. Cyril has behaved like a gentleman, for so we are given to understand; but when he brings the founding home he is constrained to offer her marriage on the spot, in order to shield her good name. The couple do not love each other; they can hardly be said to be acquainted. It is a quixotic proceeding, both that he should offer the girl marriage and that she should accept it. I cannot help feeling that the author's intuition as a dramatist has deserted him here. There is a gratuitously

disagreeable suggestion in this offer of marriage under the circumstances. It seems to justify the worst construction that Mrs. Grundy herself could place upon a perfectly innocent episode. And what follows is hardly more acceptable. For the marriage having taken place, the young couple come back from a three weeks' honeymoon still strangers to each other, each still believing that the other is merely frigidly polite, whereas they are really passionately in love with each other. Is this a conceivable state of things? Mr. Parker does well to avoid a close adherence to realism, but this is surely rushing to the opposite extreme. One feels that the happy ending, which is *de rigueur*, ought to have been brought about by some less violent means.

YET there is a great deal to admire in this play. Its ingenuity is obvious—almost too much so. Its dialogue is marked by literary grace and suppleness; its characters stand out clearly. There is dramatic force in that conception of the Figure at the door bearing its unwelcome gift; and there is a rare tenderness and sympathy in the author's handling of the pitiable life of poverty and sham led in the genteel lodging-house, with its "paying guest" and its "musical society." The old literary hack reducing masterpieces of fiction to the compass of a penny series, at thirty shillings a piece, is a pathetic figure. Is it true? It is permissible to doubt it, as one doubts the beautiful sunsets which Mr. Parker would have us believe to be an accessory of life in Fig Tree Court. I prefer to think that the penny masterpiece is the handiwork of a bold young man armed with a pair of scissors, a paste-pot, and a blue pencil. But Pettigrew-Smith, in his greasy skull-cap and tattered dressing-gown, bullied by his illiterate wife and his aggressive "cook-general," broken and subdued in manner until a fictitious success inflates his petty spirit, is a striking personality all the same; he might have walked straight out of the pages of Dickens. The romance and the sordid detail of life bound up together, with a sprinkling of episode derived from conventional melodrama! Such is "The Happy Life." Needless to say, the moral of the piece is that there is no happy life, or that if there is it is other than Cyril Charteris had pictured it. Mr. Parker is fortunate in his actors—Mr. Fred. Kerr as Cyril, Miss Dorothea Baird as Evelyn, Mr. Elwood as a cynical and scoundrelly Polish prince, Miss Carlota Nilsson as a pronounced American girl, Mr. Beauchamp as a Chicago "hustler," Mr. Hermann Vezin as the literary hack, Mr. Scott Buist as a golden-bearded popular author, Mr. Sydney Brough as a budding stockbroker, Miss Frances Ivor as the lodging-house keeper, Miss Henrietta Watson as the landlady's daughter, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald as a cad of the purest—or the dirtiest—water, and others. As the curtain falls one feels that Mr. Parker has narrowly missed achieving a signal success, and that for this result his abounding cleverness is in part responsible.

J. F. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEGLECTED POET—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

Ashburton, Devon: Dec. 2.

Emerson is a poet quoted, not read. Certain couplets or quatrains of his are so familiar to our English ears that they have become as it were household words, but in many instances we do not even attribute them to their author. Take, for example, the well-known lines from the "Voluntaries" (originally intended, some years before 1873, to rouse a more lively protest against the slave trade):

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
The youth replies, 'I can.'"

And again, the fine stanza from the "Sphinx," of which Wendell Holmes wrote so humorously, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas l'amour":

"Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?
I would he were nobler
Than to love me."

And once more, the oft misquoted lines which conclude the "Dirge":

"The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

Such lines as these are incorporated into our language—but how few of us have studied the poet *à la source*. We are well acquainted with Emerson as an essayist; but we know little or nothing of him in his favourite character. His verse is undoubtedly somewhat rugged and unmaturing. Too literally has he carried out the injunction he gives in his lines on the poetic mission. "The bard," he says, "shall not his brain encumber with the coil of rhythm and number." His poems make us out of breath as it were. We are perplexed by the sudden transition from one idea to another without any "flowing speech" to carry us across. This is not poetical—*Poeta non facit saltum*. But so rich and varied are the thoughts he gives us that we are able often to forget, or at least forgive, the medium through which they are expressed. More especially is this the case with regard to his many poems on natural subjects. It is, above all, as a poet of nature that Emerson excels. To him nature was everything—even the Deity itself. He reversed, as it were, Goethe's famous saying: "Nature conceals God, man reveals Him. What need I," he writes:

"What need I of book or Priest
Or Sibyl from the mummied East,
When every star is Bethlehem star?"

And more fully:

"This vault which glows immense with light,
Is the Inn where He lodges for a night,
What reck such traveller if the bowers
Which bloom and fade like meadow flowers
A bunch of fragrant lilies be
On the stars of eternity."

Very delicate indeed are some of his fancies:

"Grass with green flag half-mast high";

or—

"Twilight parks of beech and pine";

or, again, that line which Pater himself could not disparage—

"Through scented banks of lilies white and gold."

There is little in all his scenery pieces to remind us we are in America, unless it be the constant mention of the pine-tree. Every poet has his favourite tree or flower, from Wordsworth's "Celandine" downwards. With Emerson, as probably with his antipodes Heine, it was the rugged, solitary pine. No one glancing through his poems could fail to be struck by the constant reference to it. They occur on almost every page—in "Woodnotes," "Monadnoc," and "May-day." They are so characteristic of the writer that we are tempted to quote a few of them:

"Who leaves the pine-tree leaves his friend";
and in winter—

"Frost had piled
Swift cathedrals in the wild;
The piny hosts were sheeted ghosts,
In the star-lit minster aisled."

Or take the noble description of the fall of the patriarch:

"At intervals,
With sudden roar the aged pine-tree falls;
One crash—the death-hymn of the perfect tree."

Space forbids me to do more than mention his more ambitious poems—such as "The Sphinx," "Compensation," "Merlin," and the "Initial Dæmonic and Celestial Love." I do not recommend these to the novice; indeed, I must confess that some parts of the last-named poem are absolutely incomprehensible. But "Threnody" and "Terminus" want no initiation to be understood and appreciated. Though we may not place Emerson in the front rank of the singers, surely he can claim an honourable place among minor poets. Not inaptly from him comes the injunction:

"Life is too short to spend
In critic peep or cynic bark,
Quarrel or reprimand;
'Twill soon be dark.
Up! mind thine own aim, and
God-speed the mark!"

E. FORSTER.

"THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH."

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

Pinner: Dec. 5.

SIR,—It is a pity that Mr. Hodgson, at the end of his interesting article, should fall foul of Shakespeare to console Dr. Molloy. He quotes from a speech of Lady Macbeth, uttered, no doubt, in haste, to excuse her husband's conduct at the banquet:

"If you note him,
You shall offend him and extend his passion."

But, really, haste need not be pleaded in excuse; for Lady Macbeth used the words quite correctly according to the usage—not of her own, perhaps, but of Shakespeare's time. And, moreover, the usage of that day was much more philosophical than ours; for "will" means wish, and "shall" means

only destiny, or natural effect. If Lady Macbeth had said "You will offend him," as a modern lady would, critical grammarians of that day might have said she was imputing to the company a desire to be offensive. Shakespeare was no more Irish in his idiom than any of his contemporaries. Let me give an earlier example. The Duke of Norfolk, who was certainly not an Irishman, wrote to Cardinal Wolsey on April 28, 1525, that Lord Marney was dying, "and Mr. Butts determined he should not live after five hours." The "should" here coupled with the still more awful "determined" might give us rather a painful opinion of Dr. Butts as a physician; but both words were quite correctly used. As regards "shall" and "should" it is really the modern usage which requires justification—or would do so if usage did not justify itself. It is easy to see how "will" and "would" came to be substituted in many cases for "shall" and "should." The expression "you shall" was unpleasantly suggestive of the meaning "I will compel you." So the auxiliary was changed, and now we even make use of such preposterous expressions as "you will be compelled" without even seeing their intrinsic absurdity.

While on the subject of the Queen's English, may I raise my own humble protest against a phrase which I find now of perpetual recurrence: "He made use of this," it is said, "for the time being"; or, "It was all very well for the time being." What is the use of "being" in such expressions? I understand what is meant by "the Lord Mayor for the time being," or "the Prime Minister for the time being." It means simply the Lord Mayor or the Prime Minister *pro tempore existens*—who is (or holds office) for the time. But what is "the time being" taken by itself—or, at least, what is the use of the "being"? Perhaps I am hypercritical; I fear, in any case, my poor word will have very little effect; but still (as men used to write in prefaces) if these words of mine may save even one "being" from a vain and frivolous existence they will not have been written in vain.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

PRIZES FOR AUTHORS.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

London: Dec. 3, 1897.

SIR,—May I hope that the concluding sentences of your article on "1897: a Retrospect," is an augury of the scheme you intend to adopt in crowning with awards of one hundred guineas and fifty guineas two books published during this year? I observe that you divide modern literature into three branches—(a) the literature of commerce, (b) the literature of knowledge, (c) the literature of art. The first two branches, as you say, already have their reward, the one in the cheques of the agent, the other in the distant beckoning of a professorship. The artist alone works for nothing but the satisfaction of his own conscience and the silent esteem of those who respect art. It is his claim I, in common with many others, hope you will carefully consider in bestowing your awards.

The importance of your generous intention has been well expressed by Sir Walter Besant "The knowledge that such a prize is in the market may stimulate young writers to more careful attention to style and artistic treatment. At any rate, the person who takes the prize will have his fortune made so far as that book is concerned, and his future as well if he is strong enough." Far be it from me to intrude upon your plans; but perhaps you will permit me to mention a few of this year's publications that may be worthy your consideration when you sit in council.

The Essay on Burns, by W. E. Henley.

Style, by Walter Raleigh.

Essays in Two Literatures, by Arthur Symonds.

Captains Courageous, by Rudyard Kipling.

Admirals All, by H. Newbolt.

The Earth-Breath, by "A. E."

The Skipper's Wooing, by W. W. Jacobs.

The King with Two Faces, by M. E. Coleridge.

The Silver Fox, by Martin Ross and E. G. Somerville.

A VETERAN CRITIC.

MR. PHILLIPS'S NEW POEMS.

To the Editor of the ACADEMY.

Ashford: Dec. 6, 1897.

SIR,—May I correct a slight mistake in your very kind announcement of my new book? You say that the volume will contain all my work to the present time. This is not so, as neither my contributions to "Primavera" nor the long poem "Erebus" will be included. In "Some Younger Reputations" I also notice a slight misprint. The line printed:

"She is not happy! It was morn,"

should read:

"She is not happy! It was noon."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

A CHORUS of praise has greeted "Admirals All, and Other Verses," by Henry Newbolt. Here is "Drake's Drum," of which the *Chronicle* says: "This poem strikes the key-note of all the rest."

"DRAKE'S DRUM."

"Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas,

(Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?);

Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart

at ease,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth

Hoe.

'Take my drum to England, hang et by the

shore,

Strike et when your powder's runnin' low;

If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'

Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we

drummed them long ago.'

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand

mile away,

(Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?);

Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios

Bay,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Yarader lumes the island, yarader lie the ships.

Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake lies in his hammock till the great Armadas come,

(Capt'n, art tha sleepin' there below?);

Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,

An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,

Call him when ye sail to meet the foe;

Where the old trade's plyin' an' the old flag flyin',

They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago."

On this stirring ballad the *Chronicle* makes the following comments:

"In the opening line the theme is quietly, simply announced: 'Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon seas'; and then the legend which inspires the singer is rapidly indicated, with the racy and half-comic, yet thrilling, close:

'If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,

An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'

The second stanza heightens the emotion, and fixes the local colour. What admirable lines, both in sound and suggestion, are: 'Slung atween the round shot, in Nombre Dios Bay, and 'Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe!' How finely the resonant Spanish words ring out in the former! And how perfect is the effect, at once rhythmical and pictorial, of the latter! But the chief merit of this stanza lies in its relation to the next, in which its opening lines, with an art that partakes of inspiration, are half-repeated, half-transfigured:

'Drake lies in his hammock—till the great Armadas come . . .

Slung atween the round shot—listenin' for the drum.'

Truly, we owe a candle to Saint James of Compostella for the gift of the word 'Armada,' as glorious in sound as in associations; and no poet has made finer use of it than Mr. Newbolt in this verse. If we should fall beneath our former selves 'when the great Armadas come,' it will not be for want of a singer to pipe us to quarters."

The *Westminster Gazette* says of the piece:

"In no form of verse, on a hasty glance, is it easier to be deceived by counterfeit than in the ballad. It may have the form and the swing, be perfect in every trick of its externals, and yet lack the heart, without which it is as a tinkling cymbal. Here we have excellent form and genuine feeling, and none of the violence by which some modern ballad-mongers attempt to impose themselves on the public."

It was in the *St. James's Gazette* that "Drake's Drum" first appeared, and the *St. James's* reviewer now describes it as "one of the most genuinely inspired pieces of contemporary patriotic verse."

The *Spectator*, always a keen critic of verse, welcomes Mr. Newbolt's songs as evidence that ballad-writing is not dead among us—for "there is no surer sign of a tendency towards ossification in literature than the inability of the poets to produce a good ballad."

Mr. ROBERT HICHENS's book of short stories has interested the critics and secured their qualified praise. The *Saturday Review's* critic has some remarks on Mr. Hichens's stories generally which he thinks are never satisfactory reading because "the striving to be clever is always too painfully evident . . . and the worst of it is that he is never quite successful." Referring particularly to *Byeways*, this critic says:

"In the first story of this collection of short stories, for instance, he strives in vain to give us a new version of the serpent-woman fable, brought up to date. But he fails utterly to convince us that the three snakes the charmer in the Sahara carries on his person are three women transformed. Through many pages of the seventy-seven which the story occupies he attempts to explain to us the serpentine nature of Claire Duvioue, the great actress, but he never succeeds in striking quite the right note or quite the right phrase. She remains a woman to the end, and we utterly refuse to believe that she is turned into a snake. There is no need to compare her even with the Lamia of Keats; the simply told mediæval fable of Melusine is infinitely more convincing."

The *Saturday Review* is best pleased with Mr. Hichens when he is evolving Society comedy, and selects "The Boudoir Boy," in which a decadent youth is portrayed, as the best of these stories.

The *Daily Telegraph* also likes Mr. Hichens best when he is writing with a straightforward intention to draw character:

"His own preference is evidently for motifs of the supernatural, or at least the fantastic, kind, but he is not content to be thoroughly mediæval or thoroughly modern, and his attempt to mix the two—to translate, for instance, the old superstition of effigy-burning into the terms of modern psychology—produces a result which is neither consistent nor convincing. . . . We like Mr. Hichens much better when he descends from his high horse and talks like an ordinary mortal. The story called *A Boudoir Boy* evinces a refreshing sense of humour."

The *Scotsman* says vaguely that these stories are "characteristic of the better side of Mr. Hichens's work." The *Manchester Guardian's* critic compares Mr. Hichens's talent for dealing with the supernatural unfavourably with Hawthorne's, and concludes with another comparison which may surprise Mr. Hichens:

"Mr. Hichens reminds us in some respects of Miss Corelli. His imagination is not so extensive, but it is of the same order, and he exhibits the same want of restraint, the same exaggeration of fancy and language that distinguishes that writer. He should learn that effects which are only suggested are the most effective, and that exaggeration of description or language drives the reader into revolt."

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